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The anthracite coal business is controlled by perhaps the most odious monopoly that ever arose among a free people. This trust maintains its power by the possession of two privileges; it has acquired control or ownership of 98 per cent of all the anthracite coal in Pennsylvania, which means the country. . . . The other privilege enjoyed by the trust is that through related organizations they control all the railroads leading out of the anthracite fields. They have driven out practically all the independent operators through the control of these railroads by discriminating against them in transportation.

THIS HERESY was voiced by the new Governor of New Jersey, A. Harry Moore, in his inaugural address on January 19. Will some one please call Calvin Coolidge's attention to it? If the President should read further he would find the Governor saying that the Sherman law had been invoked in vain and that the monopoly had been denounced before the Federal Trade Commission and the United States courts, all to no purpose. Governor Moore wishes a tri-state commission to be formed by New York, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey to condemn mines containing anthracite and to set up competition against the trust by a coal railroad to be built from the mines to tidewater in New Jersey. This plan would, he declares, absolutely destroy the anthracite coal monopoly and would bring to the people of the East and to industry a never-failing coal supply at $10 a ton. Meanwhile, Governor Pinchot's coal bills to make anthracite production a public service function, and to give the Governor power to regulate the retail business of selling coal, have been done to death in the Pennsylvania Legislature. At least Governor Pinchot has tried. Mr. Coolidge refuses to move despite his thundering last summer. Fortunately, the miners have not given up trying for a settlement; as we go to press they are again in conference with the operators.

THOMAS W. LAMONT and Otto H. Kahn are often to be found enlisted in undertakings that call for vision and idealism. Hence we are the more amazed at the crass materialism of their defense of Mussolini before the Foreign Policy Association, or rather their worship of certain of his achievements. Mr. Lamont dwelt upon the wiping out of unemployment, the ending of strikes, the changing of the deficit into a surplus, and the balancing of the budget. He even stated that the people of Italy, terrorized and cowed and deprived of free speech as they are, with their necks under the heel of a dictatorship such as the world has hardly seen since the days of Bomba of Naples, are unanimously behind their government. "As to the matter of liberalism," said Mr. Lamont, "the question seems to me to be liberal enough to let Italy have the sort of government she seems to want." We should like to hear from Mr. Lamont if he is liberal enough to let Russia have the government she seems to want, to say nothing of China. As for Mr. Kahn, we find it hard to believe our eyes in reading his statement that Mussolini is "no dictator." We fail to recognize these words as descriptive of Mussolini: "Single handed, equipped with nothing but the genius of his brain, the force of his character, and the ardor of his patriotism, he flung himself against that sinister portent [the faltering of the Italian people] and set the Italian nation once more on the high road to national achievement." "I bow," said Mr. Kahn, "before the solitary figure who encompassed it." Is it not treason to all American idealism to applaud one who boasts that he has wiped his feet on the "prostrate form of liberty" and glories in it; who admits that he carries on by force and violence contrary to all law and democracy?

FOR LOGIC commend us to Calvin Coolidge. Senator Norris having charged him with improper use of his office in connection with the several federal commissions—by asking members to sign their resignations in advance and otherwise making them subservient to him—the "official spokesman" for the White House made the following remarkable explanation of the President's relation to these independent commissions: He thinks they are responsible neither to Congress nor to the Executive but to the law which created them and laid down their powers. But the law must be enforced by somebody and that somebody is, of course, the Executive. So Mr. Coolidge regards himself as the power which must see that these laws are obeyed! This new theory that the President has nothing to do with a commission in his role as President, but has everything to do with it in his capacity as Enforcer of the Law of the United States, is the clearest possible revelation of the confusion so characteristic of Mr. Coolidge's thinking. As a matter of fact, any court would hold that a commission, if

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subject to anybody, is subject to its creator, which in this case is not the law but the body that passed the law. Congress intended these commissions to be independent of the President. Mr. Coolidge intends that they shall reflect his views on every question that comes before them. That's the thing in a nutshell, and it is an issue of enormous importance to the future of democratic government in America.

MEANWHILE SENATOR NORRIS has gone further in his revelations of improper acts by President Coolidge in his efforts to manipulate the federal commissions. William S. Culbertson, it will be recalled, was finally got out of the Tariff Commission by appointing him to a diplomatic post, but previous to this he had been dogged in such a way that he obviously felt it impossible to stand the strain of presidential pressure any longer. Senator Norris explained one angle of this persecution when he told the Senate how Mr. Culbertson had been hounded by charges made against him for having lectured at the Williamstown Institute of Politics and at Georgetown University. Senator Norris made it plain that the charges had been pushed by the White House in order to induce Mr. Culbertson to vote to delay the sugar report. Another echo of old Republican scandal was heard recently when Mr. Harding's Attorney General, Harry M. Daugherty, was compelled under threat of contempt of court to tell a federal grand jury in New York City about the records in the bank at Washington Court House, Ohio, which were vainly demanded by the Senate investigating committee. What Mr. Daugherty told the grand jury is not yet disclosed, but it may come out in the pending suit—the case against Thomas W. Miller, former Alien Property Custodian.

THE VOTING OF CLOTURE in the Senate in the World Court debate is the Senate's answer to the Vice-President and its other critics who declare that the present rules do not adequately limit debate and result in endless delays. As a matter of fact the World Court issue seems to us, if anything, to have been rushed through the Senate. The question is one of enormous importance and it ought to have been debated at length. Unfortunately, it has been treated by both party machines as a political issue. It is probable that if Senators were free to vote on this issue as they chose they would vote it down. Some, like Senator Copeland, are tied by pledges they now regret. Others, many Democrats among them, hope that the reservations will keep us out of the Court, but because it is a party measure they will vote for it. Republicans there are who cynically boast of their dislike of the Court but say they are voting for it because Mr. Coolidge asks them to and they will need his aid next fall. Mr. Lenroot, to whom the leadership in the Senate has been intrusted, is himself a potential "lame duck"; he hopes, though doubtless in vain, to ward off defeat next fall by posing as the hero of this Senatorial joust.

THE REPLY which Mexico has made through the press to the complaint which our Department of State voiced in a similar manner against her new land and petroleum laws is tit for tat in diplomacy. In addition, in the opinion of the New York *Times*, it "is conciliatory while firm in upholding Mexico's undoubted rights, and answers categorically and to the point the questions which have been raised by our Government." This, though, is not of great consequence if American oil interests have exerted pressure upon the Administration, as it would seem they have, to back their demand for modifications in the new legislation If our Government sincerely desired justice for its citizens, instead of special favors, it would propose that the difficulties be arbitrated. Instead the Department of State announces that we had no "secret understandings" as the price of our recognition of Mexico and contradicts the statement in the next breath by saying there were "verbal assurances." The truth is that the entire Payne-Warren "agreement," which preceded our recognition of Mexico, was contrary to the spirit of our Constitution, according to which the understanding should have been drawn as a treaty and submitted to the Senate for ratification. We are glad that Senator La Follette has asked for all the details of this usurpation of one of the Senate's powers. We have had far too much of this diplomacy by administrative "agreement," instead of by constitutional treaty.

CARDINAL MERCIER faced with unfaltering courage the German invaders of his country, and it is for this that he will longest be remembered. Rather than retract his ringing pastoral letter he risked prison and expected it. His "Appeal to Truth" remains one of the stirring utterances of a war of which few documents can survive the test of time and scientific inquiry. Beyond doubt he roused public opinion throughout the world against the Germans who, confessedly, were unable to decide what to do about him. Edith Cavell's heroic death supplemented the work Cardinal Mercier had begun. Both were recruiting sergeants of enormous value to their side in the struggle. Those who knew the Cardinal spoke often of his saintly qualities. His learning was extensive, especially in the field of philosophy, and he was beyond doubt an extremely picturesque personality. Yet had the war not given him the opportunity for his consummate bravery he would have died almost unknown beyond the confines of his church.

THE EXCISE DUTY on Indian manufactured cotton goods, the most tangible evidence in India of British political domination employed to secure economic control, was suspended by ordinance on December 1, last, and the Government of India has promised, if the situation permits, to abolish the duty in the next budget. This duty has stood for fifty years. India has long been the great market for British cotton manufactures. So when a duty of 3½ per cent was laid upon cotton goods imported into India, an equal excise tax was placed upon cotton fabrics made in India, in order that the mills of Lancashire might not be at a disadvantage. The latter tax, it is true, has never been increased, although the import duty has been advanced to 11 per cent. Still the excise tax has remained as an intrinsic injury to the Indian textile industry and a sentimental thorn in Indian pride. Although the Government of India several years ago promised to abolish the excise duty at the first possible opportunity, it continually refused to take the action, and the present move comes only as the result of special circumstances. In July, 1925 the Bombay mill-owners, owing to the accumulation of a large stock of unsold goods, announced a general reduction of wages amounting to about 11½ per cent, stating that Japanese competition was capturing the Indian market and forcing the cut.

THE WORKERS at once went on strike. By the end of September the strikers numbered 125,000 and sixty-five of eighty-two mills in Bombay were closed. The owners

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petitioned the Indian Government to remove the excise duty as a means of relief, but the latter at first refused, saying that it could not afford to forego the revenue. Meanwhile the strike kept on. Increasing pressure was brought to bear upon the Government, and at last it yielded. The expected protest from Lancashire has not developed. Various reasons are assigned. One is that the Lancashire spinners have learned that Indian affairs must now be settled according to native notions and that interference will react unfavorably on their trade. Another reason, possibly more potent, is that the Lancashire business is being forced out by Japanese competition. A glance at the Indian import figures for cotton piece-goods and yarn would seem to show this. With their market going anyhow, the Lancashire mill-owners may have felt that a fight would not be worth while. The abolition of the excise tax by the Government of India removes an effective weapon from the Nationalist arsenal. But, like most other great British concessions to Indian demands, it has probably been granted too late, too grudgingly.

THE REPORT of the committee appointed by Surgeon General Cumming to investigate the dangers of ethyl gasoline is not as reassuring as many persons desirous of presenting a clean bill of health for this new motor fuel have been trying to make the public believe. In the first place the committee did not study the effect upon workers of the manufacture of tetra-ethyl lead or the blending of it in gasoline. As it is in these processes that all known deaths have occurred so far, it should be obvious that the findings of the committee do not touch the chief source of complaint at all. Whether the making of ethyl gasoline should be permitted, and if so under what safeguards, remains to be determined. So far as the use of ethyl gasoline goes, the committee did not find any harmful effects upon chauffeurs, but feels that the subject should have further study. Most disquieting, however, is the evidence of lead dust in garages, whether using ethyl gasoline or not, in quantities that may constitute a definite menace to the employees. This, as well as the dangers in the making of ethyl gasoline, deserves further investigation, and we heartily concur in the recommendation of the committee that Congress appropriate funds for a continuing study of the subject to be made under direction of the Public Health Service.

THE NO-LYNCHINGS-IN-1926 record did not last very long. Before January was a fortnight old, Florida had broken the ice and dispatched a Negro "suspected of having made an attack on a white woman." Meanwhile in Mississippi Sheriff Glass, the officer who was "unable" to protect his Negro prisoner—a man just acquitted of the murder of a white plantation manager—from a mob has been fined $500, the maximum penalty that the law permitted short of being removed from office; and he has been threatened by Judge W. A. Alcorn with prompt removal in case he should find himself "overcome" by a mob in the future. Mississippi last year led the South—which is to say the world—in the number of these barbaric killings by mobs; but in Mississippi, too, the seeds of justice to the Negro are sprouting and bearing fruit. Decent citizens in the State are aroused to protest and to action; reform is coming from within, where it is always most effective and salutary. There is no doubt that Louisiana, Texas, Florida are watching their neighbor; it is only a question of time before they, too, must bestir themselves. The Negro is no longer a slave; he is becoming less and less a peon. With the advance of education and economic independence among members of the black race must go an advance in political independence and solidarity. Mississippi does well to begin the reform of its treatment of the Negro before that oppressed and harassed race finds itself in a position to demand better treatment in a voice that cannot be denied. Perhaps, indeed, it is the first faint notes of such a voice that have set the ball to rolling.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT in Washington of a new set of seven annual awards of $400 to be provided by the William E. Harmon Foundation for American Negroes distinguishing themselves in literature, music, the fine arts, industry, science, education, and religion comes on the crest of a most remarkable wave in Negro culture. The period which produced the great "spirituals" belongs to the irrecoverable past, as does that more recent period wherein Negro art and thought were chiefly imitative of white modes. The Negro has now a voice and hand which he may proudly call his own; and it would be fatal for any student of contemporary forms of expression to be ignorant of that fact. The Harmon awards have numerous predecessors in the way of prizes offered with the design of uncovering talents awaiting recognition either in the centers of Negro population or elsewhere over the country. The Amy Spingarn prizes in literature and art, offered through the *Crisis*, have drawn out work of indubitable excellence; and it is worth noting that the list of judges this year includes such names as H. G. Wells, Sinclair Lewis, J. E. Spingarn, Eugene O'Neill, and Robert Morss Lovett. As much or more may be expected of the contest recently announced by *Opportunity* and made possible through gifts by Casper Holstein. Prizes are to be given for stories, poems, plays, essays, and musical compositions, and the result of the enterprise should be an awakening of Negro art even more lively than that which attended the *Opportunity* contest last year. The New Negro is not only justifying his name; he is making us wonder how many still newer Negroes there will be.

CHARLES M. DOUGHTY, whose death at eighty-two has been reported from London, was one of the most interesting members of a passing generation in England. He was both a far traveler and a poet—sharing this two-fold distinction with W. H. Hudson and Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, recently dead, and with Thomas Hardy and Robert Cunninghame Graham, who happily continue to manifest their vigor through the printing of new books. Hudson and Cunninghame Graham in South America, Blunt in Africa, Hardy in vanished Wessex, Doughty in Arabia; it is a great list, and though for various reasons Doughty was perhaps the least widely known of the five he was by no means the least among them. He published several works in verse, the most important of these being a huge epic in six volumes called "The Dawn in Britain." He cast this story of earliest England in a style, even a grammar, of his own; and only those who have taken the trouble to master the difficulties involved in reading the poem have recognized its nobility. So with "Arabia Deserta," Doughty's prose masterpiece, which is by no means easy reading, but which, once read, must be acknowledged one of the great travel narratives of all time.

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Is the World Court an Agency for Peace?

ONCE more we are asked to state our position on the World Court as an instrument of peace and as a step toward that community of nations which has been mankind's goal for centuries. Those who question us admit that the Court has its defects, but they advance the same arguments used when anyone points out the faults in the organization of the League of Nations. These are: "Well, come in and join and we'll improve it"; "Our own form of government was a failure at first and had to develop gradually into a real success"; "The Court, like the League, is young—give it the opportunity to grow"; "Like all reformers you refuse to join the Court because it does not exactly suit you instead of being practical and taking a three-quarter loaf when you can get it."

To these queries and comments we reply once more that we are opposed to the United States joining the Court except with a reservation that no force shall be used in carrying out any decrees affecting the United States, and with other safeguards. It is a sham and a pretense to offer the Court in its present form to the American people as an instrument of peace. Not only do multitudes so regard it but they also have been given the idea that everybody will run to submit his grievance to it and that the Court can compel attendance in some miraculous way even if offending nations are not members of the League or the Court itself. It has carefully been kept from the public that the Court's jurisdiction is extremely limited, so much so that, aside from the matter of advisory opinions, which may be requested by the Council of the League of Nations, it cannot take cognizance, even by consent of the parties involved, of those political and economic questions which today chiefly cause war. If force is to be used to carry out its decrees, it will by that much contribute to the continuance of war in the world. It will legalize wars sanctioned and provided for in the name of peace precisely as the Covenant of the League of Nations today provides and plans for war. Both contemplate keeping alive standing armies and the professional soldiery whose talk does so much to make peoples and governments plot, plan, and provide for war. Why should we in an era when the people of the world are thirsting for peace deliberately set up new institutions that make for force? If there is one lesson from the World War it is the utter failure of force. In China it has failed and in India; wherever one turns. It settles nothing; at best it merely postpones issues. Then why should reasonable people go into organizations which talk about sanctions, by which they mean not public opinion but the law of tooth and claw, of the bomb and of poison gas? What intelligent people are trying to do is to *outlaw war*. That is what counts and not the setting up of new international bodies or courts that *legalize* war and deliberately contemplate the creating of war in given contingencies.

Of course, we are well aware that at this point we shall be asked whether any court can get on without a force *in esse* or *in posse* ready to carry out its decrees. We are fortunately in a position to quote some extremely practical statesman who have intrenched themselves on exactly the same ground in this matter of force. There was the late Senator P. C. Knox, for instance, a big-business man, a former Secretary of State, and a former Attorney General. He was absolutely opposed to the use of force to support the decrees of a world court. No one will charge Charles E. Hughes with being a pacifist or an impractical editor. Yet he has stated that "when nations agree to submit a dispute to a tribunal and to abide by the decision, its observance is a point of international honor of the highest sort. You can really have no better sanction that this." He also pointed out that "all contrivances for maintaining peace by economic pressure, as well as by military force . . . are likely to fail when they are most needed because national interests are diverse and unanimity of action under stress of crises . . . is well nigh impossible." Mr. Hughes is a modern Oliver Ellsworth once stood before the Connecticut Convention to declare that the States must choose between a coercion of law and a coercion of arms, and to assert that the latter would lead inevitably to a war of States. James Madison stated that "the more he reflected on the use of force the more he doubted the practicability, the justice, the efficacy of it." A union of States, containing such an ingredient, seemed to him to provide for its own destruction. The use of force against a State would look like a declaration of war. John Marshall also had his doubts about the use of force. As long as force is provided for the World Court or the United States cannot safeguard itself against the use of force in matters to which it is a party, or in the outcome of which it has an interest, we shall have to stand with Senator Borah in thinking of the Court as an instrument of war and not one of peace.

There are other points which we might dwell upon, such as the question of advisory opinions through which the League can exercise political control over any country, even one which is not a member, as witness the treatment of Turkey in the Mosul case. Some advocates of the League are frank to say privately that that is what they want, just as they say privately that they believe that our entering the Court will get us into the League and that is why they are for it, while at the same time trying to prove publicly that the Court has no relationship whatever with the League. But we do not care to go into these points at this juncture. What is controlling with us is this question of force.

We would once more make our position plain: *The Nation* is in favor of a World Court with obligatory jurisdiction in legal questions, but depending only upon its moral authority for the bringing of disputants into court and for the enforcement of its decrees. We desire a court absolutely separated from the League of Nations, controlled as it is by a group of three or four powerful countries. We believe in a court which shall not be called upon to give advisory opinions to the League or its Council and will be unable to do so if asked, but shall be willing to give advisory opinions to individual nations in their individual capacity and not as members of the League. We desire no sanctions for such a court save public opinion; we are opposed to the use of any political or military machinery to enforce any decree, and we submit that the success of arbitration since 1787 affords no room for doubt, despite four or five rejections of arbitral decisions, that the authority of the kind of court we have described would be sufficient to make the nations of the world accept its decrees. If any nation did not, it would face world-wide odium and reproach, but even such a refusal could be only a temporary backset to a court rightly organized and avowedly conducted with entire faith in the public opinion of the world.

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The Touring Car Passes

THE New York Automobile Show has confirmed the most striking recent development in the automobile industry: the touring car passes. None of the old-fashioned type were on exhibition. Where there were such they were usually sport models or touring cars elaborately dressed up with wind-shield for the back seat after the manner of the French open car. But these were for the very young or the very rich; the old type of car in which you could stow the whole family and their luggage, together with several friends and the family dog and cat, has vanished. Not even the compromise California body has stayed the hand of fate; the American is to use his car winter and summer whether he drives in the city or tours to the Rockies or to Florida or to Quebec for winter sports.

This development is the more interesting because in the closed cars the trend is all to smaller and narrower bodies and less head-room than ever. As Walter P. Chrysler has prophesied, the whole drift is toward the smaller car, not only for city use, but for touring. In the cities the advantage is obvious, while the improvement in the roads has made touring in a machine with a short wheel-base less trying than in former years when everybody sought to buy the longest chassis his purse could afford. But why the bodies should be so made that only two persons can sit on the back seat in comfort, especially when they have winter coats on, is hard to understand. Many people will believe that here the fashion is deliberately set by the makers in order to get people to buy new cars. But this is a dangerous game for the makers to play for the reason that the second-hand car market is already badly overstocked; if one sells a good car after two years, even of the Packard or Pierce-Arrow type, one cannot get 33 per cent of the cost. Indeed, the sale value is cut in half after the first twelve months of ownership. Yet in order to stimulate sales the makers have been holding out every inducement to people to trade in their old cars and to buy new ones on time payments. That they often have heavy losses on these transactions is beyond doubt, but they prefer the situation to one in which the owner will hold on to his car for five or six years as he easily can so far as the mechanical worth of the average automobile is concerned.

The small closed body has serious disadvantages for traveling; for the carrier on the running-board does not solve the problem of the bestowal of luggage. It is a far cry from the days when you could get a good-sized steamer trunk into the space between the front and rear seats and still have room for your legs. Then, convenient as the closed car is, it will never take the place of the touring car on beautiful spring or autumn days when, with the top down, one can survey the countryside as far as one can see. Curiously enough, the collapsible winter top, so fashionable in Europe, hardly appears here; American manufacturers seem unable to make a landau-top that will not in the course of time let the water seep in.

Whatever the styles, the public is just as mad about cars as ever and the crowds at the New York show broke all records. This year like the last starts in with still another new car offered to the public. The January production of some cars was at high-water mark and some of the companies making accessories report the largest sales in their several histories. The saturation-point is not yet reached, and the motor-bus industry is hardly out of its infancy.

Again the Students Speak

BY a vote of 1,099 to 701 the men students of Ohio State University have declared in favor of the abolition of compulsory military training. By a majority, however, they voted that optional military training had a legitimate place in the curriculum and that they themselves had received some benefit from drill. Their vote added momentum to the movement against compulsion rather than against military training itself. The proportion of students who voted was disappointingly small.

The comparatively small vote is the more surprising in view of the active campaign carried on by both sides in the controversy. In the life of Ohio State University the Reserve Officers' Training Corps means far more than it does at the College of the City of New York. It is one of the largest and best-drilled groups in the country, consisting of some 3,500 students. It has its own special uniform which is intended to set forth most favorably the manly beauty of the wearer both in his own eyes and in the eyes of the girls with whom he is associated in the pursuit of jazz and culture. There are over twenty commissioned officers of the army in the university, to say nothing of sergeants to whom life in a university is greatly preferable to the dull routine of an army post. These gentlemen, more or less ably assisted by the privileged members of the student Officers' Club and the Pershing Rifles, fought the Optional Drill League in debates and discussions both formal and informal, most of which were carefully reported in the university paper.

Three arguments of the military appear to have had weight. The first was that opposition to military training in the colleges is part of an immense bolshevist-pacifist plot. One speaker assured the students that in voting against the R. O. T. C. they would go with a group which was inciting to "riot, revolution, and violence." The same speaker at another time said that a man who "gets lost in dreams of a sort of world-wide brotherhood or this internationalism we hear so much about becomes in reality a man without a country." The most amazing declaration was made by a student on the alleged authority of "a professor in class" that "the European governments have already sent over $40,000,000 to New York to finance the Optional Drill Leagues in the colleges." By such fairy tales are men trained for intelligent citizenship.

A second point much stressed by advocates of compulsory drill is "its efficacy in teaching the student later in life to handle men." This is an argument which ought to make organized labor sit up and take notice. The military conception of handling men is the absolute antithesis of industrial democracy. Its attempted application by a military-academy graduate in the affairs of the International Tailoring Company recently brought about an exceedingly bitter strike which the company finally lost.

But such arguments, the discussions made plain, were all secondary. The real purpose of the R. O. T. C. is to prepare us for or against another war. And it was tacitly, if not openly, admitted that the great value of such preparation was psychological rather than actual. When the editor-in-chief of the *Ohio Lantern*, who had seen two years' service in France, taunted the men of the R. O. T. C. on the military ineffectiveness of their drill for actual war there was no answer. There was some attempt to prove that men who took the course for four years learned something of military value.

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But since the last two years are optional, that argument had little weight in justifying compulsion for the first two years. General Orten let the cat out of the bag in saying that what drill there now is "doesn't even begin to make the sort of army we really need. It isn't even a fair start." And Colonel Shipp hailed the R. O. T. C. as furnishing "a connecting link between the permanent military establishment and the people."

There you have it. Compulsory training in the colleges is the entering wedge for militarizing our youth. It is not worth what it costs from the army's point of view except as it teaches men to accept the inevitability, or at least the high probability, of war and to prepare themselves for it. The compelling objection to this compulsory training is that this semi-fatalistic acceptance of the inevitability of war is one of the chief obstacles to the establishment of permanent peace. With it always goes fear, and public opinion fertilized by fear is soil prepared for the seeds of war. As was to be expected, in the debates and discussions at Ohio State a great point was made of the military preparedness of foreign countries, especially Japan.

Thus is the issue drawn. It is not primarily a question, What shall we do with our college students? but How do we expect to preserve peace? We are glad to observe that the Ohio pastors' convention, at the time of the vote at the university, went on record, without dissenting voice, against compulsion in the university and against all military training in high schools. The church could not do less and be loyal to its own recent declarations. We hope that the faculty committee now considering the subject at Ohio State University, the faculty itself, and the trustees with whom the final power lies will accede to the request of the students for optional drill. For the moment Ohio State University symbolizes both the fight for peace and against compulsion. But the fight itself is bigger than any one university and concerns every American citizen.

Country Dance Tunes

ANTIQUARIANS have not paid much attention to American country dances. They have spent most of their time on folk songs and made fascinating collections of cowboy music, Indian songs, and chanteys. When Cecil J. Sharp placed a book of songs from North Carolina beside his numerous English collections, Americans began to appreciate these "lonesome tunes," and searchers are still following in his footsteps. Explorers in the rich field of Negro spirituals within the last year have added "The Battle of Jericho" and other new favorites to the familiar "Go Down Moses" and "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot." Of the dance tunes everybody knows "Pop Goes the Weasel" and "Turkey in the Straw." They are hardly antiques yet, and so they are not to be found in libraries. The one collector who has made a volume of country dances, Elizabeth Burchenal of the American Folk Dance Society, is more interested in the steps than in the tunes.

The folk songs happen to be comparatively local, while the dances are known over the country. The "Arkansas Traveller" was played and danced in New England, the "Boston Fancy" in Western mining towns; Georgia fiddlers in their prize contests played many of the same tunes that Mellie Dunham learned in Maine. Henry Ford, who imported Mellie and started him on his present triumphal career over the Keith vaudeville circuit, is offering a cup as prize in a contest in Michigan, and this has inspired fiddlers in their eighties to polish up "Money Musk" and the "Devil's Dream."

But how does one dance without a drum and a saxophone? Can a single fiddle playing an unharmonized melody make the rhythm strong enough? Examine the tunes and you will have the answer. The harmony is so simple that the three major triads usually suffice; and these are often supplied by swift embroidery in the form of broken chords. The same sixteen bars are played over and over again without a pause, so that the beat is grouped into large units and thereby intensified. A tune drummed into your ears this way need not be played loud. You sing it to yourself and reinforce the fiddle. If it doesn't drive you insane it will hypnotize you into a rhythmic ecstasy.

The good old barn dance was once quite as wicked as the Charleston is now. It is many decades since the violin was too profane an instrument, from its association with the ungodly dance, to be played in New England churches unless it was held upside down like a cello; but there were towns in Indiana in 1916—Florence Wolford wrote a book about them—where dancing to the fiddle was immoral and only singing games could be played by Christians. The game "Old Dan Tucker" has the same steps and tune as the New England dance of the same name, but virtue was satisfied if the players provided their own music by singing:

Old Dan Tucker's a fine old man,
Washed his face in the frying-pan,
Combed his hair with a wagon wheel,
And died with a toothache in his heel.

Get out of the way of Old Dan Tucker,
He's too late to get his supper,
Supper's over and breakfast's cooking,
Old Dan Tucker's out a-looking.

Some consistent souls, however, saw the resemblance between the game "Weevily Wheat" and the evil Virginia Reel. Their daughters left the floor when "Weevily Wheat" was played. No wonder, when the song had such dangerous lines as these:

The higher up the cherry tree,
The riper grow the cherries;
The more you hug and kiss the girls
The sooner they will marry.

Take a lady by her hand,
Lead her like a pigeon,
Make her dance the weevily wheat,
She loses her religion.

Percy Grainger has made concert music out of the Irish reel "Molly on the Shore," out of "Shepherds Hey," and other folk dances. American composers are beginning to take the hint. Some one has used the "Arkansas Traveller" as theme for a piano composition. If he did it well he must have produced something thoroughly American, with the salty, grotesque humor of the original emphasized and enhanced. Another composer has done a similar job with "Old Zip Coon," which somehow got itself rechristened "Turkey in the Straw." And there are plenty of good subjects left; the "Spitfire" played for the dance "Beaus of Albany"; the "Quinardo Hornpipe," "Jefferson and Liberty," "Soldier's Joy." It is obvious to object that some of the old American reels came from Ireland and England and Scotland. A few of them came bodily, with the tune intact, as British as "America"; and some of these, unlike "America," kept their old names; others have been modified until they are as native as anything not red Indian.

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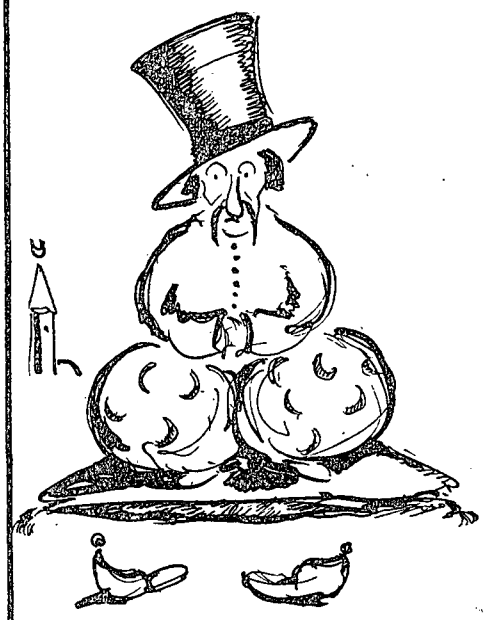
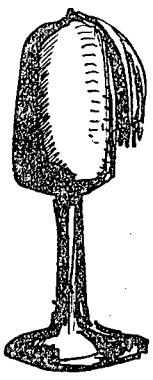
The Universe, Inc. By H. v. L.



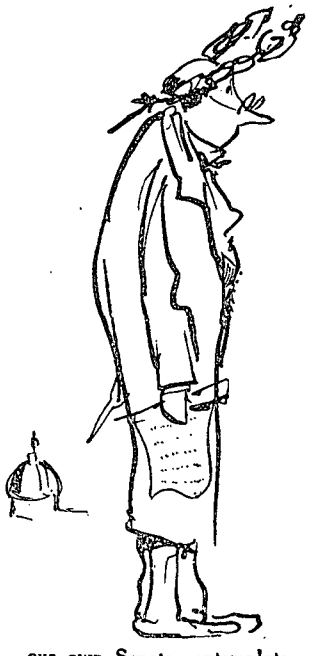
FROM ANGORA comes the news that the Turks have taken to the High Hat—presumably as a tender tribute to our beloved Western civilization;



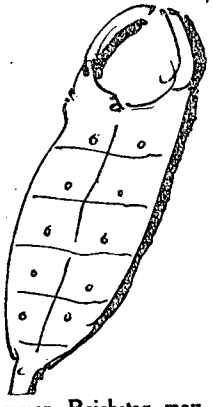
they have relegated the ancestral Fez to the local museum of antiquities;

the change of haberdashery has brought about such a miracle of improvement that the dear boys of the Soviet armies have decided to change their *kepis* for the more Western sunbonnet;

and (unless our advance information is wrong) our own Great White Father has expressed a desire to return to the simpler style of Mark Smith, the late Cough Drop King.



our own Senate contemplates a return to the Roman laurel wreath for members over 89 years of age;



the German Reichstag may at any moment abandon their official dickies;

the brethren of the Fascist army contemplate a change to something a little more à la Kate Greenaway;

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Is France Going Fascist?

By ROBERT DELL

Paris, January 12

THE new parliamentary session has begun in circumstances that cannot be called happy. Since the beginning of last year France has had in succession four governments and six ministers of finance, and the position of the fourth government and sixth finance minister is far from secure. The franc, which stood at about 18 to the dollar at the beginning of last year, now stands at nearly 27, and no solution of the financial problem is in sight. Every politician with any claim to authority on the subject has his own solution, but none has the courage to propose the first and most essential condition of solution—the stabilization of the franc. For there is no French politician with the courage to face the opposition of certain powerful interests hostile to stabilization, the risk of being obliged for the purpose of stabilization to fall back on the sacred gold reserve of the Bank of France (which at present serves no purpose), or the unpopularity that he might incur in consequence of the economic crisis and the rise in prices that would inevitably follow stabilization.

From *l'Ere Nouvelle* (Paris)

President Doumergue

In reality the French people themselves are more responsible than their politicians for the present situation, the ultimate cause of which is their unwillingness to pay direct taxes or to accept disagreeable but necessary measures. If a minister of finance proposes either, he is promptly overthrown by a Chamber susceptible to popular feeling. What was the real origin of the unpopularity that M. Caillaux so long enjoyed, if not the fact that he was the author of the income tax and that his income-tax law in its original form, before it was hacked to pieces by the Senate, would have made the income tax a reality? M. Caillaux's experiences were not such as to encourage any successor to follow his example. Few men, however, are willing to admit that they are responsible for their own misfortunes, and the French least of all. So, after having made it clear to their politicians that, if they seriously try to put the national finances in order they will do so at the risk of their political career if not of their liberty, the French people put all the blame on the politicians and the parliamentary system.

It is fashionable at present in France to declare that the parliamentary system is played out and in various quarters—fundamentally opposed to one another in other respects—there is talk of a dictatorship. Since the public became familiar with the famous dictatorship of the proletariat the word "dictatorship," which really means the arbitrary rule of one man, has been used in a very loose sense. It has come to mean any form of unconstitutional government. So the other day a French Socialist orator called on his comrades to establish the dictatorship of the Socialist Party on the ground that, if they did not, a Fascist dictatorship would forestall them.

This sort of talk has perhaps been taken rather too seriously in other countries. I gather that many people believe a Fascist or some other kind of upheaval to be imminent in France. I confess that I see no signs of it. The present political fashion is no new one. There has always been anti-parliamentarism in France, both on the extreme Right and on the extreme Left, so long as I can remember, and whenever things do not go well people talk as they are talking now. There is some justification for French anti-parliamentarism. The parliamentary machine has never worked well in France partly because the system of two houses with equal powers is unworkable, more, perhaps, because it requires for its satisfactory working a genuine party system, which France does not yet possess. "En France," said an eminent Frenchman once to me, "il n'y a pas de partis politiques. Il n'y a que des clientèles." [In France there are *no political parties. There are only factions.*] It would pass the wit of man to define the precise shade of difference in principle that separates each of the ten groups into which the Chamber is divided from every other group. The system works in a vicious circle. Because there are so many groups a French government is usually a sort of political menagerie composed of specimens of each species. And the multiplicity of groups arises from this method of forming a government. A Deputy who would have no chance of office on his own merits becomes immediately *ministrable* if he forms a group—a *clientèle*—and has a score of votes at his disposal.

The funny thing is that, whenever an attempt is made to develop a genuine party system by methods accepted in England as a matter of course, it is denounced as an outrage on the first principles of parliamentary government. If a party expels a member who has put himself up as candidate for some office in opposition to the candidate of his own party and had himself elected by the votes of its opponents, the *Temps* gets up on its hind legs and lectures the party for its shocking intolerance. If a party meets to decide on what conditions it will join or support a government, or draws up a definite political program, or objects to the inclusion of its political opponents in a Cabinet supposed to be composed of its friends, it is denounced for substituting the rule of "clubs and coteries" for that of Parliament and accused of trying to "exclude Republicans from the Republic." It would be considered quite natural by at least half the French press that, if two members of the present English Cabinet resigned, Mr. Baldwin should replace them by Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, and very wicked on the part of Mr. Baldwin's colleagues in the Cabinet to object.

This being so, I consider it premature to say that the parliamentary system has failed in France, for it has yet to be tried. Nevertheless, this is not recognized by the French public, and perhaps if the present parliamentary chaos continues the French people may sooner or later become exasperated and try something else, but that does not seem to me at all likely in the near future. When one remember

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how many abuses much more intimately affecting their daily lives than any political shortcomings the French have patiently endured for generations while swearing at them all the time, one is inclined to think that it may be some time yet before the point of exasperation is reached. I do not ignore the fact that changes in France are usually made by revolutions, because they are rarely made by reforms, and that, when the extraordinary patience of the French is at last exhausted they have a habit of smashing up everything; but at present they do not seem to me to be in the mood for a revolution either on the Right or on the Left.

French dictatorships in the past have been associated with military glory. Napoleon III, it is true, had no glory of his own, but he profited by his name and the tradition attached to it. The poor man's obligation to live up to the name and the tradition, in defiance of all his natural inclinations, brought him to ruin. Since his fall France has once been within an ace of a dictatorship, for it is probable that General Boulanger would have succeeded had he not allowed himself to be bluffed and fled the country. He was a poor creature with as little courage as intelligence and had no glory to his credit, but he talked a lot about it and looked very well prancing about in a cocked hat on a white horse. His chief asset was the appeal to *la revanche*. But that appeal is finished. France has had *la revanche* and found it a disillusion. The French are cured of their love of military glory, at any rate for the time being. Far from being in an arrogant mood, they are dispirited and dangerously lack confidence in themselves and their own future. No general is popular or has any prospect of becoming a national hero. There is, it seems to me, not the least chance of a military dictatorship.

Fascism, however, is said to be the danger. The Fascist movement in France, such as it is—and it does not look dangerous at present—is just the old Bonapartism without a Bonaparte or even a plausible substitute for one, for M. Millerand hardly fills the picture. It starts with the disadvantage that it is violently opposed by the *Action Française*, so that the anti-parliamentary forces of the Right are divided. And how is a Fascist coup to be brought about? By the army? I very much doubt whether the army could be depended on for such a purpose, even if the generals could be. Nearly twenty years ago the 17th Regiment refused to fire on the revolting wine-growers of the South, although the orders came from the legal government. Such an incident might happen again, especially if the orders came from the authors of an unconstitutional movement for upsetting the legal government. Conscripts object to firing on the civilian population.

I also doubt whether the methods employed by the Italian Fascists during their long preparation for the march on Rome would succeed in France. The French may be patient, but they are also pugnacious, and they would not quietly submit to be murdered and plundered without resisting, as did the more pacific Italians. If the French Fascists began burning down trade-union offices, forcibly expelling municipal councils, and raiding private houses to carry off their occupants, they might easily get the worst of it. Moreover, the Italian Fascists had the King on their side and a government too weak or too complaisant to interfere with them.

I doubt whether French Fascists would have the support of M. Doumergue or whether it would help them much, if they had. They might have a complaisant government but, in my opinion, an attempt to imitate the tactics of the Italian Fascists in France, if not at once repressed by the government, would lead to a civil war, the result of which might easily be unfavorable to the Fascists.

There remains the suggestion of an American newspaper that the Chamber might be dissolved and not reelected. According to the newspaper in question, M. Doumergue is quite ready to take that course. Again I doubt it. I doubt still more whether, as was suggested, the Senate would at once agree to a dissolution of the Chamber for that purpose, if M. Briand or M. Poincaré asked for it. The Senate may be conservative, but it is staunchly republican and constitutionalist, and the Senators would have a shrewd suspicion that they would be the next victims.

Any kind of dictatorship seems to me unlikely in France unless and until there is a man with the temper and qualities of a dictator and the necessary popularity. So far as I can see there is no such man either among the generals or the politicians, or anywhere. Italy had a Mussolini. France has not even a Boulanger. The two leading figures in French politics not definitely on the Left are M. Briand and M. Poincaré. M. Briand has a certain popularity, although he has not the hold on the public that he has on Parliament, but nothing could be more alien from his temperament than a dictatorship. He is persuasive, diplomatic, accommodating—a master in the art of reconciling irreconcilables—but he does not remotely resemble a dictator and can hardly have the smallest inclination to play such a part. M. Poincaré has perhaps more inclination, but he does not seem to me to have the qualifications. He is first and foremost a lawyer with a rigidly legal mind and has very little perception. Did not M. Clemenceau once say that he knew everything and understood nothing? Besides, M. Poincaré is not a bit popular and in fact never was. No Lorrainer is ever really popular in France. A French dictator should come from the South. Napoleon was more Italian than French, with the histrionic side to his character that is typically Italian, which a dictator needs in France as in Italy. To use the French term, he was something of a *cabotin*, as a genius can be. His nephew, who was not a genius, was even more of one and Boulanger was nothing else. There remains M. Millerand, who is positively unpopular and seems to me to be, as Bismarck did not say of Lord Salisbury, a lathe painted to look like iron. Were M. Clemenceau a little younger and had he retained his hold on the popular imagination, I should say that he was the most likely man in France to pull off a dictatorship, but of course he is now out of the question. Apart from his age, it is amazing to see how completely the old Tiger has been forgotten.

From *l'Ere Nouvelle* (Paris)

Aristide Briand

On the whole, I should say that an unconstitutional movement on the Left might have more chance than one on the Right. If a Socialist Government were in office it might, if it wished, be able to resort to unconstitutional methods with success, at least for a time. But a Socialist Government is unlikely to be in office and if there were one it would be strictly constitutional. My belief is that the French will just continue to muddle along.

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A Student Factory Hand

By MARGARET LINDSAY SUTHERLAND

[*This essay has been awarded the first prize of $125 in* The Nation's *Student-Worker Contest as announced last week. Three prizes were offered to university and college students for accounts of their summer at work in some industrial or agricultural occupation. The second prize of $75 was won by Robert Leeper of Allegheny College, and the third prize of $25 by A. George Purdue of Yale University. For reasons of space some portions of Miss Sutherland's narrative are here omitted.*]

"SAY, dearie!"

I smiled as I turned to the neighbor who addressed me. It was my third day in the employment office. The first day I had been ignored; the second I was addressed with a comradely "girlie"; today I was one of them. All of us were hunting jobs and reduced to the common denominator of unemployment, we were friends, almost buddies.

"You're new at this, ain't you?" the woman went on.

"Yes, kind of," I said. Certainly I looked the part I was trying to assume. I thought my bargain-basement clothes were correct to the last detail, even to the fat powder puff I carried in my hand-bag. And I spoke very little. My voice had not marked me as an alien.

"Are you past the age limit?" she asked. So that was it. Most factory girls of my age looked very much older. I had observed that fact in the two days I had spent going from factory door to factory door asking for a job, after unsuccessful mornings at the public employment-bureau. The age limit in the State was sixteen. Any girls below the age limit who wished to work had to secure a certificate.

"Oh, yes."

"How long you been tryin' to get a job?" she asked.

"About a week. And you?"

"Me? I been out o' work some time now. There's too many young girls in the summer-time. We old hands have to wait our turn." The stalls of the employment office, like the factories, seemed to hold middle-aged women or very young girls.

"You oughtn't to be in here askin' for an unskilled job, girlie. A young girl like you, too. Listen, here dearie," and my new friend leaned over the lap of a Norwegian woman sitting between us, "you ain't never goin' to git a job by tellin' the truth. You got to lie like they do to git a job. See?" That was, it proved, the soundest advice I got. When my summons came I went up to the desk where the woman in charge of our stall sat with one hand over the mouthpiece of the telephone.

"Any experience in die-cutting?" she asked. It sounded too difficult, even in the face of my late advice, so I shook my head. "Then I don't believe I'll have anything else today, unless you'll take housework." I told her that I had tried that, but did not like it. I went back to the stall. It was no use to wait around any longer. I had already learned that there is only one hour a day in which to apply for jobs and that is between seven and eight in the morning. I stood leaning against the wall listening to the chatter. I felt more at home there than any place in the city.

"Where you goin' now?" asked a woman with a tangled plume in her hat that had once been someone's finery.

"I don't know. Home, I guess."

"Do you want to go over to the pay-employment office acrost the street with me? There ain't no business here today. Never is at the end of the week. We can get swell jobs over there." I agreed. On the way over she told me the system of the pay-employment agencies. You tell them what kind of job you want and give them $6.

"Yes, it's right high," said my friend with the plume. "But sometimes we think it's a sight better'n no job."

We filled out an application, very much like the one in the public office. It asked age at leaving school, number of dependents, former employers, and other things I had to lie about. The man said he had a good job in a box factory for me. He asked for $6. But I objected.

"I don't even know where it is. It might not be convenient to work there." He said he could not give me the address. However, he did mention the street.

"And what if I don't like the job?" I asked.

"That ain't our business, lady. Of course, if there is any real good reason for you wantin' to leave you can write the bureau within three days and we'll get you another job. If they fire you before three days are up we'll get you another, too." There was something obnoxious about getting a job at an agency that is supported by the very people who on account of their desperate straits must patronize it. Besides, I hadn't $6. I left the lady of the plume to get a job.

I went immediately to a directory and found that there was only one box factory on the street the man had named. After riding for forty-five minutes on two different surface cars I reached the street. It was a street of small stores. And on the second floor of one of the smallest, dingiest shops there was nailed a board with the name of the factory upon it. I only saw it from the outside, for I did not apply.

The following morning there was an advertisement in the paper for experienced olive packers. It sounded easy. I was still busily fabricating my story as I walked up and down in front of the factory waiting for the doors to open. There were one or two sleepy-eyed girls ahead of me, and the line behind me was getting longer every moment.

A man at the entrance was the first to question us. I said that I was experienced, and named a factory that was unknown except to me. He sent away several undesirable-looking girls and women and the rest of us were admitted and sent to the fifth floor. The elevator stopped by the olive packers, fortunately. They worked rapidly, fitting the olives into impossible places with chopsticks. And the nice red stuffing was always on the outside! I was panic-stricken. I forgot the name of my fictitious factory and all my experience by the time the forewoman reached us. I was just a factory girl out of work when she spoke to me. But she employed me, saying she needed girls.

Those of us that she "took on" were taken to the office. The forelady—the word "forewoman" is not used outside textbooks on factories—gave us long applications to fill out. They were the most formidable questionnaires that I had yet encountered. They asked, among other things, for references, five former employers, father's name and business,

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and personal debts. In return for all that information we were told that we would work for nine hours and a half a day at $13 a week.

In factory uniforms of white caps and long aprons, we were put to work ladling jam. The whole fifth floor of the packing plant was used for making jams and jellies. Great vats holding half-ton lots of strawberry preserves were surrounded by big copper kettles in which the jam was cooked. The cooking was done with steam and the air was heavy with the odors of hot preserves. White-coated men ran back and forth with kettles of boiling jam that sizzled when they were put in the water trough to cool. The released steam filled the factory with a roar that sounded like a roundhouse. The forelady's voice was shrill and nasal above the noise:

"A little faster, there, girlie. You have to learn to work fast here or we don't want you."

But if the forelady was unnecessarily abrupt my immediate boss was very kind. The girl who had charge of the "gang" I worked with was an intelligent colored girl named Roxie. I was apprenticed to her to learn my job. At first she exercised her authority over me by ordering me to pick up her towel when she dropped it and to wipe the jam up from around the kettle where she stood. But gradually we became friends, and before I left she had released me from her tyranny and I had overcome in part my Mason-Dixon prejudice against her orders. The Negro girls were the pleasantest of all the girls to work with, for they were tireless and almost always happy.

My particular job was to ladle the jam into bottles. Other girls in the gang brought up fresh bottles, put tops on, filled bottles, operated the vacuum-capping machines, and packed the bottles in great iron baskets for the sterilizer. The ladles were heavy and clumsily made of copper. The jam was hot and with every dipperful I got fresh burns on my bare arms. By noon my hands were blistered and every muscle rebelled against its particular use. The afternoon was interminable. But Roxie was kind.

"Say, you ain't much used to work, is you, honey? Here you, Winnie, take this girl's place while she rests a spell." I sat down on a box. Roxie brought me up with a start. "You can't set down, child. Don't you never let the boss ketch you settin' down if you want to keep your job. Now you load the bottles onto that truck awhile to rest you." Bending, carrying, dipping, loading. There was jam in our eyebrows and in our shoes. The steam was stifling. Toward the end of the day, and all the days were alike, the noise and the steam and the pain merged into a dull confusion in my mind that was like taking an anaesthetic. And through it all came that sharp voice of authority like the crack of a whip, and the tired eyes of the girls. They joked and fought and were quiet in turn. Day in and day out.

It was several days later that I incurred the displeasure of my forelady. It was the beginning of the end. We were working on a machine that the girls called the "strawberry hell-cat," which automatically filled the bottles with jam as they came around the tread with a diabolical regularity. We were the servants of the machine. We had to adapt our irregular motions to its stern regularity. We had to feed it fresh bottles, even up the filled ones as they came around, and put them on the belt that took them to the capping machine. To relax one moment meant a broken bottle and a scolding from the forelady.

When two experienced "cappers" hurt their hands in the machine Roxie gave me a chance to try it. It worked with a foot pedal, but it required a certain deftness to take one bottle out and put one in simultaneously without catching a hand in the machinery. The belt that brought the bottles down to the machine was built into a movable table, and the strange thing was that the girl at the capping machine stood with her back to the belt and the bottles were fed to her on the left side. It was very awkward. I suppose we broke thirty bottles a day knocking them off with our elbows. We stood on planks to be above the jam sea-level. Just such a pile of broken bottles and strawberry jam attracted the foreman's attention. He asked how it happened. I explained it:

"It's the machine, sir. The bottles come up on the left side and we knock them off with our elbows. I don't think we'd break them if the belt were changed over to the other side." He was interested enough to stand in my place to try it. He called the machinist over, when the forelady walked up. He was the floor manager, but he was also her husband. She asked what it was all about. "Listen," she said, "that new girl thinks she knows just a little too much. We've been here for nine months now, and that machine was good enough up till today, and it's good enough for you, even. You're just tryin' to cook up excuses to stop work for a few minutes. Now get back to work all of you." I was punished for my interference by having to scrub the jam off the machines the rest of the time I worked there, and it was a loathsome job.

I had several disagreements with the forelady in the next few days and I learned a strange thing from it. The women who have grown old in the factory heartily resent any opposition to the power that aged them. I learned it from one experience. I had been fishing little pieces of brown pineapple out of pineapple preserves as I stood at a table that came to my knees. The jars were too heavy to lift; the table too low to bend over. So I pulled up a box and sat down. I did better work and I worked faster sitting down. The forelady appeared and yelled—she never spoke—at me to get up. And she kicked the box from under me half way across the floor. I felt like a character from Dickens and at the idea I smiled. The woman drew back her arm to strike me, but instead she said that I was too damned fresh and she had had just about enough of me.

When she had gone I looked for sympathy from the older women about the table. I got none. I got several I-told-you-so looks. The young girls loved it. A little Hungarian girl fourteen years old cried joyously that the forelady had not said "damn" since February. The young girls were not yet broken. They were very sympathetic the next day when I got fired. It was hard to leave them, especially as I was fired along with a half-witted woman whose face twitched.

It was for the girls that I went to the manager of the factory. I said I was a college girl; that perhaps he would be interested in hearing an employee's point of view about his factory. He drew himself up proudly:

"I don't think there's anything you can tell me about this here factory that I don't know. I've been in a lot of factories and I've never saw one better run than this." And he added as he walked away, "You're not going to get your job back no matter what you have to say." Never again during the two months did I attempt the part of the reformer. I remained a spectator.

Factory workers as a whole never know the name of any of the factory officials, for the only one that concerns them is their immediate superior.

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If a girl says, "You'll like this factory," it usually means that she is fond of her forelady. I heard that remark in the next factory I got a job in. Still adhering to the advice of the woman in the employment office I was employed at $14 a week doing "fancy packing" in a candy factory. I claimed to have worked in a retail store for two years packing candy.

The factory was large and refrigerated to a degree that made goose-flesh on our arms. We worked at great long tables packing about sixty boxes of candy at once from a pattern box. Young Italian boys ran up and down the aisles with fresh trays of candy in answer to frenzied cries of "marshmallows," "car'mels, Tony, hurry!" and "three-cornered raspberry." For ten hours a day we stood at our tables, slipped candy into little frilled cups, and packed it into tight boxes. The monotony was broken only by the half-hour lunch period. The afternoon was six hours and a half long.

The hours were longer than in the other factory, the work was more monotonous if not so hard, and there was not even the convenience of a washroom; yet there was a difference. And the difference was Josephine. Josephine was our forelady and beloved of all. She, too, had been a factory girl, even as Mrs. O'Brien of the jam factory, but Josephine remembered it. She was gay and friendly. She told the girls funny stories, usually vulgar. They adored her.

The second day I worked in the factory I became one of Josephine's staunchest admirers. In the morning I dropped a tray of candy and it rolled like marbles. I waited for the abuse I was used to. But Josephine called, "Don't mind that, girlie. It's a little hard to begin with, isn't it?" In the afternoon the girls ordered a great basket of flowers for her eighth wedding anniversary. They left their tables and crowded around Josephine while she unwrapped them. When she opened their card she hesitated a moment between crying and laughing, and said simply:

"Ah, girls, what did you do it fer?"

I was apprenticed for the first few days to a young Bohemian girl who was more of a tyrant than Roxie was. I did most of her work for her and a little of my own. She was very contemptuous of the girls about her because they spent their pay on themselves. She had to give hers unopened to her father, but she clothed her necessity as a virtue and gloried in it. She was working hard to "get on piece-work," for after the first month the girls were recommended for piece-work, and they could make as much as $25 a week if they were good. (At least an Italian woman who had worked there eight years made that much, and all the girls hoped to.) Her father, who had worked for three years on a furnace in some factory, made $19 a week, and she wanted to make more than he did. The two of them supported a family of six.

At the end of my first week I was given a number for my boxes and a table to myself. The Italian woman who had been there eight years worked beside me. She had four children and a husband to support and she labored at a speed that left no room for casual visiting. The piece-workers had a speed mania that betided woe to him who stepped in their way. Rosa swore at me more than once in her native language and once or twice in mine. She stole everything I left around, even if it was tin foil that we wrapped the candy in.

It was several days after I left the candy factory—and I left with real regret—before I got another job. It was late summer and the factory hands who had migrated during the summer had come home to find schoolgirls in their places. The employment offices were filled. The only advertisements were those for "Bonnaz operators" and "stitchers." When a big publishing house put an ad in the paper for fifteen girls two hundred and fifty of us answered it. I was one of the first girls there before seven. When the office opened at eight there were perhaps a hundred and fifty. By nine we were a fighting, pushing mob, two hundred and fifty strong. In competition there is little of camaraderie. It was a grim battle. I was not an outsider trying to see what industry was like. I was one of them, and I felt that my next meal depended on the outcome of that ordeal. When, at 10:30, I reached the inner office of the employment manager and she hired me I was elated. This time I was chosen because I claimed to have had two years of high school. The employment manager boasted that almost every girl in the factory had had an eighth-grade education.

My new job was that of book-inspector. I was in the bindery, hidden from the world by a mountain of books waiting to be inspected on one side and a mountain of books that had been inspected on the other. For nine hours and a half I sat behind my walls and looked through books for imperfections. After the first week I averaged sixty books an hour, not without aching eyes.

After two pure-food factories I was working in the first factory that provided soap and towels. For finger-prints show on paper! In this factory we sat down. After sitting down the first morning for several hours I pushed back the stool and stood up. A red-haired forelady, hideously painted, swooped down on me and began without any preliminaries: "Trying to do things different from everybody else, are you? What do you think those chairs are for? To look at? And watch I don't catch you standing up again." And so after six weeks of enforced standing I was reprimanded for not sitting down. It was not the worker that was considered. It was the article we manufactured.

"How do you like it here?" I asked a girl working next me.

"Not much, I been here three years and only got one raise. And look at Katie over there, she's been here six—she's only twenty now. Looks older, don't she? Well, she started out on nine a week and she don't get but eighteen after six years. They're tight, here." I made friends with Katie several days after that. It was difficult, for we were not allowed to talk during working hours. I asked her why she had stayed so long. She shrugged her little round shoulders.

"Oh, I like it all right and you never know when you're goin' to get in a worse place. Beside, I might not find any job, and then where'd I be?"

"Have you really been here since you were fourteen?" I asked.

"Sure. Why? Who told you? I ain't missed more'n two weeks altogether since I come, either." There was pride in her voice and loyalty. The same loyalty that I had discovered at the candy factory when I left. They were friends of mine until I left, but they had no use for me when I talked of leaving. For six years, a girl of twenty had only seen the world after six o'clock in the evening. Loyalty! And yet, even I had left each factory reluctantly. I loathed some of their methods, but I had known the girls and the women and liked them. Perhaps it was loyalty to human contact.

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The World Court—"A Polite Gesture"

By S. O. LEVINSON

THE proponents of the World Court have been driven to take two positions inconsistent with each other and leading to an anomalous result. In the first place they are seeking to hold Republican votes by attempting to demonstrate that the Court is not a subsidiary of the League. Proof of this is necessary to enable the Republican Party to carry water on both shoulders, as its platform pledges it to go into the Court and at the same time to have nothing to do with the League. This demagogic distinction must be upheld or the Republicans may have to swallow political poison. Now, it is a plain evasion of substantial truth to say that one has a contract with the Illinois Steel Company, a subsidiary of the United States Steel Corporation, and yet has no legal relation to the United States Steel Corporation. It is equally evasive to say that we go into a Court created under Article 14 of the League, whose statute was prepared at the direction of the Council, which struck out at least two of Mr. Root's best provisions, and yet contend that the Court and the League are entirely separate institutions. Now, if the Court has a legal relation to the League, which it manifestly has, including parentage, and if the United States goes into the Court, it logically and inevitably follows that the United States will have a genuine relationship with the League.

In order to maintain plausibly that no relationship is created the Court advocates contend that there is a clear difference between the members composing the League acting as individual states and the same states acting officially as members of the League. They contend that the Court was created by the units of individual states that constitute the League and not by the same states acting as members of the League. There is an important published case, with which I was connected, where policy-holders sought to recover a large sum of money paid personally to the manager of their insurance company for aiding in the transfer of its policies to another company. The directors of the selling company were put on the witness stand and claimed that they knew nothing about the payment of moneys to the manager officially as directors, but knew it only in their individual capacity. Suffice it to say the court entered a decree compelling the restitution of the money.

Forced by political necessity to make this scholastic refinement and to take the position that the Court is independent of the League, the question of "sanctions" compels friends of the Court to take a second position which utterly confutes the first. Senator Walsh, with characteristic candor, discloses the second contention. He writes *The Nation:*

> That a nation which belongs to the League may find itself in some embarrassment by virtue of certain provisions of the Covenant should a decision of the Court go against it may be true.

The "embarrassment" arises from the effect of the second contention, namely, that a member of the League cannot divest itself of League-commitments even when signing a court protocol which it is claimed is independent of the League. These two contentions cannot stand together; united they fall. If the League and the Court are independent of each other and created by separate treaties, then it is strange that a member of the League suffers an "embarrassment" from which a non-member is free. As the first proposition of the pro-Courters is necessary in order to hold Republican votes, the second is designed to prevent the adoption of reservations against the use of "sanctions" or legal war by the Council. Let us follow the scholastic trail to its anomalous end.

If the United States adheres to the Court without safeguards against "sanctions," it thereby recognizes the power and right in the Council to administer "sanctions" in at least all cases where League members are involved. If, then, a controversy between a European state and a Latin-American state, both members of the League, is submitted and judgment is rendered against the Latin-American state, we have by acquiescence confirmed the power of the Council to enforce this judgment by war against the Latin-American state, no matter what questions may be involved. Shall we thus, incidentally, permit the Monroe Doctrine to be exposed to collateral attack?

Next, suppose there is submitted to the Court a dispute between the United States, a non-member, and, say, France, a member of the League. If the United States wins, it seems the Council, under this second contention, will have the power of physical enforcement against France because the judgment is against a member of the League; but if the judgment is against the United States, a non-member, the Council cannot enforce the judgment. Isn't it a poor rule that doesn't work both ways? And will a member of the League thus handicapped be willing to submit a major dispute with a non-member? If this contention is upheld it is obvious that a premium will be put upon staying out of the League, because all members of the League will be at a decided disadvantage in submitting disputes with non-members to the Court. No such result by construction could stand or should stand; it is unilateral, inequitable, and unworkable.

Sooner or later the Court will be called upon, probably by an advisory opinion, to construe the reservations and all the papers and documents connected therewith. It is almost judicially inconceivable that the Court would give an interpretation so anomalous in character and one which would work such manifest injustice to members of the League. It is the settled province of courts to decide what is the legal effect of instruments and statutes. If, in the opinion of the Court, our resolution of adherence does in fact create legal relationship to the League, a reservation stating that no such relationship is created thereby is of no effect. Powers can be limited by clear declarations, but the courts control the interpretation and construction of documents. For example, where parties to a business contract attempt by a statement to declare that the contract does not create a partnership, the court says to the parties that it is the sole prerogative of the court to decide that question. Here, then, we see that the effort to maintain two inconsistent positions leads to absurd results, and also leaves the rights and obligations of the United States with respect to the Court uncertain and undecided.

The real answer to *The Nation's* recent question concerning sanctions is given by Senator Walsh in his letter when he says:

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> Your proposition really, then, is, as I view it, that we do not go into the Court at all, since you attach a condition that it is known in advance will not be met.

This, of course, means that the Council will not tolerate any interference with its control over "sanctions." This is overwhelmingly so because one of the main purposes of the League was to give a small number of states within the Council control over war and thereby over the world. So long as that power is preempted by the League, the United States should enter none of its portals. Unless and until the Council is willing to give up its theory of coercion and control, of sanctions and war, it would be a betrayal of world peace to enter into a limited partnership with the League through the medium of the Court. For even the advocates of the Court are now tempering their approval of the tribunal. For two years a veritable crusade has been conducted throughout the country, representing to our people that the Court was a great instrument of peace and a genuine remedy for war. By means of this exhortation hundreds of resolutions were obtained favoring adherence and symbolizing irresistible public opinion. Now in the Senate its friends admit that the Court is "but a feeble, halting step toward peace," "a polite gesture," a balm to the injured sensibilities of Europe. Thus the only possible justification for a departure from the faith of the fathers, the goal of abolition of war, is altogether lacking.

The University of North Carolina Gets Its Orders

By NELL BATTLE LEWIS

THE University of North Carolina has got its orders from the cotton manufacturers of that State and has accepted them without protest. The manufacturers have peremptorily told the university to "stick to its knitting," and not to forget its "proper function" so far as to make a study of the textile industry in North Carolina, thus "breeding radicals and reformers." Such a study was recently proposed by the university's Institute for Research in Social Science in conjunction with its Department of Commerce. It was to have been one of eight studies of various aspects of the State's life planned by the university and made possible by a three-year donation of $97,000 from the Laura Spelman Rockefeller Memorial Fund. In regard to the object of the study, officials of the institute had said:

> Publicists and mill men alike have tended to present their views as extremes. In all likelihood, somewhere between the extremes lies the truth which only the unbiased investigator can discover and present with authority. The Institute for Research in Social Science begs to offer its services in this role. Its sole interest is to discover the truth and make that truth available not only for North Carolina but also for the entire South.

A condensed outline of the proposed study shows its purposes to have been:

> 1. To show statistically the extent to which mill operatives move about.
> 2. To prove or disprove the charge of lack of leadership in mill population.
> 3. To compare the general moral status of the mill group with other groups of population.
> 4. To work out, on a thorough and scientific basis, a cost of living study in mill villages.
> 5. To show statistically the efficiency of welfare schemes by collecting facts, over a period of time, from various kinds of mills.
> 6. To make the results of such studies available for the use of manufacturers and students in general in the form of books, pamphlets, and articles for the press.

This outline, in fuller form, together with a request for permission to make the study was sent by the institute to the North Carolina Cotton Manufacturers' Association at its recent meeting at Pinehurst. Whereupon the members of the association unanimously adopted a resolution in which permission was bluntly refused and the study declared to be "neither important nor necessary." One reason for this refusal, it was reported, was the manufacturers' displeasure because of an article which had appeared in the *Journal of Social Forces*, published by the University of North Carolina. This article described a survey of the children in two mill schools in the State. The representative of the university was denied opportunity to appear before the board of the manufacturers' association at Pinehurst to prevent an appeal for cooperation.

The cotton manufacturers' refusal to disclose to a responsible agency facts about the textile industry in North Carolina was first given general publicity by the Raleigh *News and Observer*. Two days later the university's unprotesting submission to the manufacturers was shown by a story sent out to the State press by the university's director of publicity, who wrote that university officials would not comment on the mill owners' refusal to allow the study, and that "the university was not planning further steps in connection with the situation." The publicity director continued:

> The university's attitude, it is understood, is that since the proposed study has been rejected and that since the mill owners were acting within their legal rights in rejecting the offer, there is nothing for the university to do, unless the mill owners change their attitude.

Apparently not satisfied that the university's submission was complete, David Clark, editor of the *Southern Textile Bulletin*, reputed to be the organ of the manufacturers and published at Charlotte, North Carolina, gave to the *News and Observer* a few days later an interview in which he was reported to have said that if the university persisted in carrying through such a study the manufacturers would make their influence felt against the university at the next session of the legislature. According to the *News and Observer*, Mr. Clark said:

> It [the study] will hurt the university. The university will feel it when the next legislature meets. Not only the manufacturers but other business men of the State have expressed the opinion to me that this is outside the university's function, and they will not stand for it.

"Mr. Clark expressed no doubt," the interview continued, "that the manufacturers can and will cause the legislature to cut the appropriation of the university if they persisted in making studies unwelcome to them."

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Two days later Mr. Clark denied having said this, but as the accuracy and integrity of the reporter who wrote the interview are well known, the *News and Observer* refused to accept Mr. Clark's denial. Previously Mr. Clark had declared editorially in the *Southern Textile Bulletin* that the study by the university was "but another attack of our enemies" and had added:

> The business meeting turned down unanimously the request of representatives of the University of North Carolina to be allowed to make what they call a "study" of the cotton manufacturing industry. There was no mistaking the idea of the manufacturers that the university should stick to its knitting and not engage in the pastime of breeding radicals and reformers.

In another editorial in the *Bulletin* Mr. Clark had written:

> We have from time to time had something to say about outside activities of colleges and are becoming firmly convinced that such activities are a real menace.
>
> We believe that a college should attend strictly to the education of young men and we can see no good reason for outside activities and investigations.
>
> The country is sick unto death of federal bureaus, without having the added burden of bureaus in every college and university.
>
> It may be the function of a college to investigate the social and economic evils of its State and set the student upon the problem of curing such evils; but we fail to see why it should be considered a college or a university function, and we know that such investigations breed radicals.

The same editorial expressed considerable agitation in regard to what Mr. Clark called "bolshevism in the colleges."

North Carolina leads the South in the manufacture of cotton, and for the month of November, 1925, reported more spindle hours than Massachusetts. Competition with New England mills is very keen. Cotton mill operatives in North Carolina are not unionized, labor is cheaper than in the North, and working hours for children are long. So far, the cotton manufacturers of the State have been in complete control of the North Carolina General Assembly. A bill for an eight-hour child-labor law, sponsored by the North Carolina Legislative Council of Women in the General Assembly of 1925, was overwhelmingly defeated, receiving only one vote in committee. A study of conditions among women employed in North Carolina cotton mills, which the North Carolina League of Women Voters last year requested the State Child Welfare Commission to make and which the commission authorized, was never made. The excuse given was lack of funds.

At the last session of the North Carolina Legislature the cotton manufacturers were at no pains to conceal their hand. The present Governor came into office on a program of economy. During the 1925 session he favored a bill consolidating the State Board of Charities and Public Welfare and the State Child Welfare Commission. The latter has supervision of child labor in North Carolina, but the county superintendents of public welfare help to enforce the child-labor law and there is much overlapping of work by the two agencies. The Board of Charities and Public Welfare is the State agency most free from political control. Its head, Mrs. Kate Burr Johnson, lobbied for the eight-hour child-labor law and is noted in the State for her honesty and courage. Under the proposed plan of consolidation enforcement of the child-labor law would have been under her direction. A few hours after the consolidation bill was drawn the legislators were flooded with telegrams from excited cotton manufacturers opposing the bill. Pressure by the manufacturers was so strong that the Governor withdrew his support and the bill was not introduced.

There is no phase of the life of North Carolina about which less authoritative and unprejudiced information is available than about the textile industry. And as long as the cotton manufacturers have their way this will continue to be the case.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter has been reading "Bread and Circuses," by W. E. Woodward, and this week he sits at the feet of the hero, Michael Webb, and listens with respectful attention to America's foremost debunking expert. Michael is talking of poetry and the practical man:

> It is really discreditable, in a popular sense, to be a poet in America. Poets are patronized, and looked down upon, and pitied a little. Why? Because, to the American mind the worst of all failings is impracticality; and, of course, poets are considered impractical. . . . At the present time the world needs nothing else quite so badly as about a million impractical people, to take charge of larger operations of all kinds. We are urgently in need of impractical ideas. History has shown that nothing whatever in the way of progress can be expected of practical people. I don't want to run them down unjustly, or take away the credit that rightfully belongs to them. They are excellent at all small and piddling affairs. They can build a very good road, for instance; provided that some impractical dreamer tells them how wide the road ought to be and where it ought to be located.

* * * * *

YET even at building roads Michael goes on to explain the practical man often fails, probably because he thinks of a road merely as such and not of the people who must use it.

> What a pity that New York was not laid out by impractical people! It was done by practical men. Now look at the thing—the streets are not wide enough; there are no diagonal streets; and the blocks are all turned in the wrong direction. No dreamer would ever have made such a colossal blunder as that. Practical people are splendid in all minor matters, such as devising the best method of pasting labels on cans, or in selling suspenders, or in running shoe factories at high speed. But in all really big affairs, in matters affecting humanity in the mass, they are always wrong and are sometimes terribly destructive. . . . Such questions should be turned over to impractical men with full power. In my opinion there are no *practical* solutions for most of the great social questions—and, indeed, I'll include in that the major problems of industry and finance. Yet they have to be solved. You cannot get rid of a problem by admitting that there is no practical solution for it. The practical mind is defeated by them because there is no way of solving them in a practical manner; the only possible solutions are impractical and visionary. Such a dilemma is a hopeless riddle to practical men; they lack imagination; they're soaked in conventional ideas. Everything of great importance is the work of visionaries and dreamers.

* * * * *

THE Drifter, who of course has been taunted from childhood with his lack of practicality, reads on with a glow of content:

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The slavery question, as it existed before the Civil War in the United States, shows the failure of the practical mind to handle a problem that lay a little outside its frame. Many plans to do away with slavery were proposed. One was for the government to buy all the slaves and send them back to Africa; another was to buy them and set them free wherever they were, giving each one a bit of land to start him off in life; another was to move all the white people out of the State of Texas and turn that State over to the Negroes, where they could develop into a nation of their own, as a vassal of the United States. These plans were all considered very foolish. They were the ideas of impractical and visionary men. They met with vast, overwhelming, and perfectly logical objections on all sides. In the end the question of slavery was settled by force of arms. That was the practical solution. We know now that even the most visionary and extravagant among the impractical plans proposed before the war would have solved the slavery problem at not more than one-fourth the cost of the Civil War, to say nothing of the destruction and the hate.

* * * * *

A WISE man, this Mr. Webb. He might have gone on to comment similarly on common sense, one of the most overrated qualities in the world. But instead he chose to wind up his discourse with a burst of oratory:

> All the great heroes of progress have been impractical people. Galileo was a sacrilegious fool; Christ was a penniless tramp; Newton was an absent-minded, addle-headed person; Robert Fulton was a visionary. . . .

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Mr. Hard Is Taken to Task

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I wonder if *The Nation* is not a bit ashamed of Mr. Hard's article, The New World Court, As Trap [January 13]?

In the first place, Mr. Hard discovers as the perfection of wisdom the so-called Permanent Court of Arbitration established at the first Hague Conference, though it is nothing but a convenient list of names from among whom nations involved in future controversies may perhaps select arbitrators. If this misnamed "Court" is so satisfactory, why does Mr. Hard suppose that Secretary of State Root (whom he quotes approvingly in another connection) instructed our delegates at the second Hague Conference to work for "a permanent tribunal composed of judges who are judicial officers and nothing else, who are paid adequate salaries, who have no other occupation, and who devote their entire time to the trial and decision of international causes by judicial methods and under a sense of judicial responsibility"? Why does he suppose that the second Hague Conference was at such pains to draft a convention for a "fixed bench," failing only to agree on a method of electing the judges? Even Senator Lodge, in a resolution presented to the Senate on May 5, 1924, trotted out a scheme of his own for a "fixed bench" to be elected by the concurrent action of a "General Committee" and a "Special Committee" composed after the pattern of the Assembly and Council of the League respectively.

As for Mr. Hard's reliance on the prophecy of M. Bourgeois in 1899 that "governments would not take important cases" to a "fixed bench," it is sufficient to observe that some twenty nations have already accepted in advance the compulsory jurisdiction of the Permanent Court of International Justice in any future controversy of a justiciable nature, and that France itself signified its willingness to do so coincident with the coming into force of the protocol for the pacific settlement of international disputes.

Mr. Hard says: "The League is the Court's creator and reviser." The League as such has literally nothing to do with amending the statute of the Court. Such amendment can be made only by unanimous consent of all the nations signatory to the separate treaty setting up the Court. Very likely any future conferences of the signatory Powers to consider amendments to the Court statute would be held at Geneva, as a convenient meeting place of the nations, but aside from convenience such a conference might as well be held in Washington, or Tokio, or Rio de Janeiro.

Mr. Hard repeats the obstinate misconception that if the Senate ratifies the proposal to adhere to the Court statute, the United States will "sit on the Court"; the American judge who happens now to be on the bench will "represent the United States." This is a favorite expression of Senator Borah, which led him to come out a rather pathetic second best in a recent colloquy with Senator Walsh on the floor of the Senate. Mr. Hard might have taken warning from that. (See 67 *Congressional Record*, No. 12, page 803.) It is precisely as loose and inaccurate to say that the United States would be "sitting on the Court" in the person of Judge Moore as to say that the Commonwealth of Massachusetts is sitting on the Supreme Court in the person of Mr. Justice Holmes.

It is this same misconception which leads Mr. Hard to suppose that the United States will be under some sort of obligation to enforce the decisions of the Court "which we in the Court have helped to hand down." With reference to the suggestion of Mr. Hard that "under Article 13 of the League's Covenant, the League has the duty of enforcing the decisions of the new Court," it is sufficient to observe that under that same article the League has the duty of enforcing the decisions of the old Permanent Court of Arbitration which the United States is already a party to supporting. Not being a member of the League, and disavowing any obligations under its Covenant, we would have no more obligation to "enforce" a judgment of the Permanent Court of International Justice than we now have to enforce a judgment of the Permanent Court of Arbitration—which is no obligation at all.

As to the bugaboo of advisory opinions, Mr. Hard quotes an isolated sentence from Mr. Root, without mentioning that Mr. Root is a staunch supporter of the pending resolution to adhere to the Court statute. He quotes an old expression of John Bassett Moore, hostile to advisory opinions, without having the fairness to set forth Judge Moore's considerably revised view after a few years of actual experience with the advisory opinion. The Court does not act as "attorney" for the League; its advisory opinions, confined to questions proper for judicial determination, are rendered in open court, after full argument by all interested parties. As Judge Moore says, the rules established by the Court in giving advisory opinions "assimilate the process as far as possible to a judicial proceeding, and exclude any supposition that advisory opinions may be rendered in a diplomatic sense and without publicity."

One must give the opponents of the Court credit for shrewdness in the tactics they have adopted. They know the American people can't concentrate on any one topic for very long without becoming bored. They know that if they beat the tom-toms long enough, if they continue to put forth extravagant and lurid distortions of the Court proposal, the public mind will be overcome with bewilderment, which is the precursor of boredom. And they expect the World Court to be lost in that ennui.

CALVERT MAGRUDER

Law School of Harvard University, January 15

The Nation *announces two pamphlet reprints: "Force and the World Court," by James N. Rosenberg, Manley O. Hudson, and ten United States Senators; and "The New World Court," by William Hard and Walter Lippmann. Price 15 cents each.*

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Ethics Among Historians

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue for December 23 Dr. Worthington C. Ford, in reviewing Professor E. D. Adams's "Great Britain and the American Civil War," comments on the use made by Professor Adams of material gathered from public and private English sources by the late Charles Francis Adams for a life of his father, United States minister to Great Britain 1861-1868, and adds: "Professor Adams does not state in his preface how he secured a right to use this material for his own purpose," and "it is known that he did not first ask and obtain permission of the owner of this material—the Adams family."

I do not write in a controversial spirit, Mr. Ford having been for many years one of my best friends and of course incapable of intentional injustice. But I feel impelled, as cognizant of some of the facts, to say a few words in the interest of a more complete understanding of the matter.

It should be premised that the biography of the elder C. F. Adams originally planned was to consist of three volumes. Charles Francis Adams the younger completed before his death, in 1915, the first volume, extending to 1848. Mr. E. D. Adams, as his collaborator, and with an earlier manuscript of C. F. Adams, Jr., at hand for use, prepared the second, 1848-1860. For the third volume, the only one which need here be considered, little or no text had been written, though large preparations had been made. It should be said:

1. That Mr. C. F. Adams allowed Mr. E. D. Adams to have a set of transcripts of the materials which Mr. Ford describes;

2. That while the uses to which Mr. E. D. Adams might put these transcripts were not definitely prescribed in writing, the natural assumption is that Mr. C. F. Adams expected them to be used later in a book on Great Britain and the Civil War which the former had already begun, it being at that time the confident expectation of both writers that the "life" would be finished first and published soon;

3. That when Mr. E. D. Adams set out to finish for publication the book now under consideration he understood, and had reasons for understanding, that publication of the whole biography of C. F. Adams the elder was indefinitely, though it was hoped not permanently, postponed.

4. He also understood the latest thought concerning the third volume to be that it should be composed, not by causing the preparation of a fresh narrative based on all the materials collected but by a compilation of extracts from the manuscript war-time diary of C. F. Adams the elder and printed papers of his son;

5. This situation seemed to Professor Adams to leave him free in all conscience to use his set of the transcripts in the writing of a book on "Great Britain and the Civil War";

6. Permission for their use for this purpose was sought and obtained from their British owners, public and private, with careful explanation of the different purpose now had in mind. To this procedure Mr. Ford, on being informed of it beforehand, raised no objection.

Washington, January 2 J. F. JAMESON

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is awkward to reply to one not a party to the question, who admits that he is "cognizant of some of the facts," who has heard only one side, and who "naturally assumes" that Mr. C. F. Adams expected the material to be used by Professor Adams at some indefinite time for his own [the professor's] purpose. I objected strongly from the time the professor said he proposed to use the material, both as a question of delicacy and of right; but when he stated he expected Mr. Hoover's influence to be potent in securing access to the public papers, I gave way as to the papers in the Public Record Office—less than half the material—as I could not but recognize that such influence there would be effective. But I have held from the first, and made it plain, that the private collections rested on a different basis and that access to them did not depend on the officials of government but on the unique claims of Mr. C. F. Adams. It is one thing to gain such access for the life of a father by a son, and a very different thing to say to the owner of the papers: "I have a copy of this letter, may I use it?" which was the method of Professor Adams. Mr. Jameson confuses the two series—as professor Adams did—and errs in asserting that I raised no objection. The great question of ethical conduct remains, for in my view the professor's zeal for his own interests has carried him into violating a trust and appropriating to his own use what belonged to another.

Boston, January 14 WORTHINGTON C. FORD

Admiral Bristol

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am pleased to see (in your number of December 2) that you could not let Rear Admiral Mark L. Bristol return to Constantinople without expressing appreciation of his work. As one who has had unusual opportunity to observe that work at first hand, I fully agree with your remarks. Even to the fact that you use the word "extraordinary" three times in nine lines. The Admiral is a triply extraordinary admiral, diplomat, and statesman.

A Turkish diplomat said to me the other day: "We are anxious to resume normal treaty relations with the United States, except for one consequence we fear they will have: Admiral Bristol will then be replaced."

Everybody in the Near East, including Americans, of course, wants the Admiral to remain. Why should we let anything deprive us of the services which his character and experience during the past six years allow him to give in the future?

Vienna, Austria, December 11 C. K. STREIT

Our Press

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I desire to call your attention to what is an increasingly alarming situation as regards the moral influence of the daily press of the United States. The front page of the San Francisco *Chronicle* for December 22, 1925, offers a striking illustration.

An analysis of this front page is quite suggestive. Ninety-three per cent, or 150 column inches, are used in the following manner:

15 inches—Political scandal in Los Angeles.
17 inches—Photo of dead divorcee and two stories of accidental deaths.
20 inches—Tragic death of rich divorcee, who seems to have driven off the docks into the bay in a storm at about three in the morning, after attending a party.
14 inches—Photos of suicide and girl supposed to have jilted him, prompting the act. Also article on fraud in dry work.
18 inches—Story of above suicide.
20 inches—Rate suit between P. G. & E. (our leading benevolent public-service corporation) and the city of San Francisco. Company offers to refund $1,000,000 to city in compromise settlement.
20 inches—News oddities, headed by a rum-runner story.
12 inches—Sex and divorce scandal of a former actress.
14 inches—Cigar advertisement and an edifying cartoon entitled, "Oh, Margy!"

Berkeley, California, December 22 W. H. STALLINGS

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Books, Art, Plays

On a Death Mask

(H. W. M. died November 14, 1925)

By EDGAR LEE MASTERS

I

Life cuts depressions and these make reliefs,
As gnarls make hollows in the final cast
By Life the sculptor. So this mask amassed
In bronze what Life had done: brought clear beliefs
From the incisions of defeating griefs;
From hate brought love, brought wisdom, and at last
Brought peace and pardon, as the soul surpassed
The clay and rose emancipate from the fiefs
Of Fate and flesh—all sculpturing here is shown
Of Life whose hands opposed or helped his soul,
Resisting or accepting in the role
Of clay and spirit making the Fate his own
For the master mask, whose finish would control
The dignity of bronze, the peace of stone!

II

Whatever Life pressed down and back is here:
Great music only imagined, never heard;
Great fellowships afar, always deferred;
And life more ample in a richer sphere.
The spirit of genius to his eye was clear
In lovers, livers, in the impassioned word.
Beethoven's face, or Shelley's, Byron's stirred
Fraternal reverence, as the returning year
Denied his longing, and as a deepening glance
Revealed him to himself, his stuff and strain,
Called by Venetian songs, an English lane,
By happy freedoms where men drink and dance.
So Traviata speaks him, so remain
In bronze the prize denied, the great romance.

III

Scarcely in life did the life that moved within
This brow, these eyelids, these Mercutio cheeks
Break the disguise of flesh—but now all speaks
Down to the humorous mouth and granite chin,
And the laughing rays that star the untroubled skin
About the eye which smiles, and no more seeks
The Secret. But the eye long blind still wreaks
Its patient wonder, leaving the brow to win,
And solve the secrets blindness sees—this brow
Like a great boulder from the Sangamon. . . .
I never saw him all in all, this son
Of Jackson's day, but Death instructs me how:
This Hawthorne face, this prairie Jefferson,
This type American departed now!

IV

As if the Fate which brought paralysis,
And closed his throat to water for his thirst,
Intended his last hours to match his first,
With strength prolonged to ask the benefice
Of water and the tenderness of a kiss—
So did it punish him it had amerced,
And gave not water, neither the lot reversed
Which all his days wrought hard antithesis
Between his longing and his long defeat.
An old man dying in a lonely room
Where no one but a nurse was had his doom
Of thirst and silence and a winding sheet.
Now the bronze smiles upon the distant tomb:
Love is and thirst, but Death how great and sweet!

The Enigmatic Burr

Aaron Burr: A Biography compiled from Rare, and in many Cases Unpublished, Sources. By Samuel H. Wandell and Meade Minnigerode. G. P. Putnam's Sons. Two volumes. $10.

THE botanist passes no moral judgment on the wanton lipstick of the rose or the cruel kiss of the poison ivy; nor is his scientific attitude toward them influenced by their relation to the past of his race or to his own political, economic, and social views. Our scientific training has prepared us for this dispassionate view of the surrounding flora on the part of our botanizing friends, but we have not yet learned to expect the same objectivity of our historians. Upon them we impose the task of providing us with ready-made judgments on historic figures in order that we may know whom to admire, whom to condemn. So the historians, anticipating the Day of Judgment, set themselves up as spokesmen of God and mete out praise and blame as their own prejudices dictate.

Such thoughts have been inspired by reading this new biography of the most enigmatic of Americans, Aaron Burr, whose career is described in popular history much as an historically minded botanist might describe the evolution of poison ivy. He was the sum of all immoralities, a profligate, a dishonest politician, a duelist without honor, a traitor to his country. Many public men have been accused by contemporaries of similar crimes and misdemeanors which good-natured history has chucked into the garbage can of putrescent politics. No kind hand, however, has drawn, until recent times, the curtain over the skeleton in Burr's closet. There is good reason for this, although it is not to be found in the magnitude of his sins. He offended Washington, he killed Hamilton in a duel, he made of Jefferson an enemy. Thus his reputation has not swum in either stream of the hallowed tradition which bubbled up from the footprints of the canonized fathers. Historians of both the Hamiltonian and the Jefferson schools have been free to take a kick at the memory of Aaron Burr

The Aaron Burr of the popular picture album is a purely fictitious character, a creature of the contemporary propaganda so readily accepted by uncritical and simple-minded historians. About twenty-five years ago a courageous student, Walter F. McCaleb, made a careful study of the so-called historical sources and succeeded in breaking through the wall of prejudices and presenting us a picture nearer the truth. Now come a man of research and a man of letters with this new life. It is based on the older work but presents a full-figure portrait with bolder strokes. The process of rehabilitating the true Burr may be considered as accomplished, as Mr. McCaleb himself points out in a well-written introduction to the work.

The biography is not directed to the specialist; there are no footnotes; the bibliography lacks all scholarly apparatus; some items of importance are missing, such as the work of W. S. Robertson on Miranda and that of Professor Marshall on the boundaries of Louisiana. On the other hand the reproductions of portraits, some for the first time, are excellent and form a most interesting addition to the work. Fortunately the authors have not indulged in psychoanalysis—at most there is only a hint of it—nor have they sinned too much on the side of special pleading. They let the simple facts speak for themselves. But it is

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evident from their interpretation of Jefferson's acts and their few slurs about Woodrow Wilson—why need they tell us their own politics?—that the authors belong to the more respectable historical tradition that flows from Hamilton through Lincoln to Roosevelt. I do not mean that they slur over the faults of Hamilton, for his political and private life touched Burr's at too many points to permit this, but the great Federalist does appear in more dignified character than does the protagonist of Democracy.

The first volume carries the life story of Burr through the episode, or rather the tragedy, of the duel with Hamilton. The picture of Burr is rather engaging than otherwise. His ancestry ran to notable piety, his father was president of Princeton, his maternal grandfather was Jonathan Edwards. He was a precocious child but not a genius, his mind being too formal and rigid. He treated his wife and his brilliant daughter, Theodosia, as a schoolmaster does his pupils; yet his life at home was in many ways beautiful, for deep love and profound respect dwelt there, in spite of the waywardness of the head's affection. Many women crossed his pathway. His legal and political life had much of brilliance, and he won for himself the esteem of his contemporaries by his common sense, his ability, and the liberalism of his principles.

The duel with Hamilton marks the turning-point in his life. The propagandists of the Federalists and Republicans alike hounded him until the people were prepared to believe him capable of any crime. His Western adventure in land speculation with its Mexican filibustering attachment furnished the material to feed popular credulity. Betrayed by his associate, General Wilkinson, who raised the hue and cry and fortified New Orleans, and accused of treason by Jefferson, who put in motion all the forces of the federal government to convict him, Burr was easily condemned in the court of public opinion though cleared by the court over which the Chief Justice of the United States presided. He fled to Europe, where he continued to talk grandiosely of expeditions into Mexico even while he was clinking his two last ha'pennies in his pocket to keep up his financial courage. On his return to New York he was unable to regain his position in society or politics. His enemies had done their work well. Burr as interpreted by the authors presents an interesting study in developing personality and persisting propaganda.

CLARENCE WALWORTH ALVORD

Beauty into Wit

The Private Life of Helen of Troy. By John Erskine. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.

VIEWED rigorously as a novel, Mr. Erskine's first venture in prose narrative may contain some faults; but it is a highly aesthetic reader who, that he might peep and criticize, would forcibly renounce the mood of chuckling joy in which its wit, its lightness, its ironic observation, its emancipating frankness leave him. One of the most humorous and brilliantly incisive conversationalists of our day has for the time being abandoned the fields of criticism and lyric poetry to take up a position in which he is more obviously impregnable. "Helen of Troy," whatever else it may be, is the best talk this reviewer has met in years, whether inside or outside the covers of a book. Never to encroach on the province of the drama and yet to write a continuously interesting novel in three hundred pages, only ten of which are narrative or expository in form, is in itself an astounding technical feat. The brisk tempo, the unflagging reality, the neatness of execution which advances the plot evenly by a mere notation of the talk of half a dozen characters—Menelaus, Hermione, Orestes, the priceless gate-keeper Eteoneus, the only less successful Charitas, and finally the peerless Helen herself—these and other originalities entitle the book to serious consideration as a new art form. There will be a host of imitators to prove this contention. But Mr. Erskine has little to fear. They will not talk as he does.

In no real sense is the book a life of Helen of Troy. It is essentially unrelated to that increasingly wearisome modern phenomenon, the Strachey-Maurois novel-biography. The author's kinship is rather with Euripides. Both handle old beloved myths with as much reverence as originality, using the legitimate glamor that clings to the heroic figures, but adding satire, psychology in the untechnical sense, and the idea-world of the contemporary critical consciousness. The author depends upon the simple base of classical legend, carefully collated and pieced together with a completely unobtrusive scholarship, to give us the past of his characters so that he may the more entirely illuminate their temperaments without any stressing of accident and circumstance. Essentially, of course, the book is a novel of modern life, and a highly inclusive one, because all the blur of explanation, character-introduction, and locale was wiped clean centuries ago by Homer, Euripides, and others. If penetrating depiction of character, and of character alone, is the essence of a narrative masterpiece, "Helen of Troy" is one of the most formally pure novels of recent years.

Its most obvious achievement is Helen herself. "It will be seen that apart from her divine beauty and entire frankness she was a conventional woman," says the disarming foreword. This modest declaration does not at all prepare one for a Helen who, to put it simply, is at once convincingly realistic and glamorously epic. Utterly clear, distinct, and modern, a life-size Shavian heroine who has forgotten to propagandize—yet she is also the miraculous possessor of the face (and spirit) that launched a thousand ships and burnt the topless towers. The unknown quantity which Marlowe felt is in her—and not less that modern subtlety, that cool clarity of insight into the tangle of alien souls, which holds so special an appeal for the predominantly psychological temper of our time.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

The Story of Workers' Education

Workers' Education in England and the United States. By Margaret T. Hodgen. E. P. Dutton and Company. $5.

IT is fortunate for the cause of workers' education that so scholarly, so admirably written, and so sympathetic a book should appear at this critical hour in the development of labor's own educational enterprises. These ventures have their roots deep in the soil of the labor movement; to understand the forms they are assuming, to detect their weaknesses and their potentialities, necessitates a tracing of those roots, an analysis of that life-giving soil. And this is exactly what Miss Hodgen does, with the painstaking thoroughness of the scholar and the color and warmth of the enthusiast.

Miss Hodgen begins her story of workers' education in the United States with a closely packed statement of the social and economic conditions which gave rise to the Working Men's Party in 1828, a labor organization which "became the chief instrument of the founding of the American public-school system." But this accomplishment does not mark the beginning of genuine workers' education, for by means of the public schools the workers of the thirties "proposed to educate themselves not for working-class activity but for admission to middle-class opportunity." This tradition of the Working Men's Party persisted until but a few years ago as the accepted trade-union doctrine. An explanation is found by the author in the philosophy which during those years dominated American trade unionism—the economic philosophy of Samuel Gompers. In this discussion the author unfortunately allows herself to criticize orthodox unionism's stand on education not analytically but with the scorn of a partisan.

The beginnings of genuine workers' education—the education of workingmen to meet the peculiar problems of working-

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class life—Miss Hodgen finds in the Women's Trade Union League and the Jewish needle-trade unions. Today labor's own schools and colleges are found in almost every field, and number over two hundred; twenty-five thousand workers attend them; classes are to be found in every important city. Miss Hodgen points out, however, that in spite of this remarkable spread of the movement workers' education in America is still in the experimental stage, that even to the best-informed its methods and its ultimate purposes are as yet in dispute and ill-defined. Shall the schools teach union administration, "something practical that will help . . . in the time of a strike"; shall they try to instruct workers in the industrial and social responsibilities which a shift in control may bring; shall they try to "pass culture around" to the men and women who do the hard work of the world? On such questions of fundamental purposes there is the utmost confusion; Miss Hodgen's book is an invaluable aid in the solution of the difficulty.

In the same volume the author has written the story of workers' education in England. Her history of the English workingman's intellectual struggles is comparable in excellence to the Webbs's achievement in recording his economic struggles. The book will doubtless be read more widely in England than here, since workers' education is there more firmly and generally established.

DAVID E. LILIENTHAL

Among the Czechs

A Wayfarer in Czecho-Slovakia. By E. I. Robson. E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.

MR. ROBSON begins with a word about the Czech people, their customs and their country. He goes on to an historical sketch of Prague, which he is tempted to misname a "great international capital." Even though Prague has ever been the focal point of Czech culture and art, it is by no means outwardly a world center like Berlin, Vienna, or even Budapest. History in Central Europe is as vividly remembered as if it all happened yesterday, and Mr. Robson is on the right track when he attempts to interpret the spirit of the Czech people by telling us about their idols—Jan Hus the reformer and the extraordinary Hussite Jan Zizka. Just why the author fails to mention Komensky (Commenius) is not clear.

Mr. Robson saw all of the *curiosities* in western Czecho-Slovakia. He was, as we all are, enchanted by Zlatá Praha (Golden Prague), the noble and picturesque capital-city; he visited lofty Karlstein, the most striking of the many fine monuments that Charles IV left to posterity; he wandered through the vast Bohemian forest of Sumava; he delved into the fiery spirit of the Hussites at Tabor, their once impregnable stronghold in southern Bohemia; the Moravian capital of Brno (Brünn) he found only less interesting than Prague itself; and he considers the caves of Mococha near Brno to be one of the supreme natural wonders in Europe. All true, but what a pity our wayfarer did not move on into Slovakia, where Oriental Europe still holds sway. If he liked the colorful peasant costumes of Moravia he would have beheld the entire peasantry of Slovakia, both Slovak and Magyar, clothed in clumsy, gaudy beauty. If he succeeded in qualifying in his own mind the medieval Catholic odium that "Bohemians are dull and drab," he would have discovered in Slovakia a race fiery and talented and untouched by civilization. And if he is interested, as doubtless he is, in moral reconstruction he would have found in Slovakia, in Mr. Seton-Watson's words, the most remarkable example of cultural progress in modern times.

Nevertheless, Mr. Robson is a delightful wayfarer. Fortunately he does not touch on politics in Czecho-Slovakia, for politics anywhere, even there, can go a long way toward ruining an otherwise charming narrative. Moreover, he has overcome the silly prejudice about "that impossible Czech language." Throughout he makes use of Czech names with deadly accuracy.

JOHN O. CRANE

Karl Kautsky

The Labor Revolution. By Karl Kautsky. The Dial Press. $2.50.

CRITICIZED as a sciolist by the Conservative, denounced as a renegade by the Communist, hailed as a philosophic genius by the Social-Democrat, Kautsky is one of the most provocative and powerful figures in our generation. In reality he belongs to a past generation, although his influence, mitigated somewhat by his opposition to the bolshevik revolution, is still wide-sweeping and profound. At the age of seventy-one he still writes with a directness and a lucidity which are forceful if they are not elegant.

Following the appearance in English of "The Foundations of Christianity," an old but still ingenious and competent work, this fresh volume of Kautsky introduces a new side of the author to a public which hitherto had known him only through the abominable Askew and Bohn translations. Before the bolshevik *tour de force* of 1917 socialist thought had been largely consumed with dialectics and party tactics, with disquisitions on the character of the industrial state and the fundamental approach of radical organizations. Today the center of interest has veered. With the survival and advance of the Soviet system in Russia and with the tentative flare of socialist governments in Western Europe, more immediate problems are presented. It is the problem of the transition from capitalism to socialism upon which the attention of radicals is now so anxiously focused, and "The Labor Revolution" concerns itself with this.

While Kautsky's historical analysis of the middle-class revolution, adduced to defend his position with reference to contemporary revolution, is limpid and revealing, his attack upon the bolshevik revolution as but an instance in the process of middle-class revolution savors strongly of personal prejudice and rationalization. That the transition period in Russia may at times have been scarred by hastiness and misjudgment does not justify its being classified as reactionary and ridiculous. The laws of revolution, even the labor revolution, have not been finally established. Moot problems still remain. The labor revolutions in other Western countries may take on a different aspect, but this is not a sufficient reason for saying that Russian communism illustrates "the transition from the revolution to the reaction." Russian conditions were peculiar; and it must not be forgotten, since Kautsky refers so frequently to the founder of scientific socialism, that it was Marx who said that even a precocious society "can shorten and lessen the birth-pangs" necessary to the development of a new order. The subtlest of Kautsky's arguments—and Kautsky is an agile logician—cannot annihilate the significance of that statement.

V. F. CALVERTON

Leon Daudet

Memoirs of Leon Daudet. Edited and Translated by Arthur Kingsland Griggs. The Dial Press. $5.

DAUDET is a phenomenon unknown, inexplicable, in America—a man at once a rowdy politician and a literary figure. As to the rowdiness of his political methods, no one need enlarge upon that. Daudet and his *camelots du roi* have been sufficiently in the press. As to his sincerity, there is a question. Perhaps he is as sincere as any politician. In Paris one is told that Daudet, having failed to make headway in the parties of the Left, took up royalism as a shrewd business move. Yet in spite of Daudet's howling no one in France takes the royalist party seriously. There is indeed this new fascist movement, the blue shirts, with some of the royalist figures in it, and shibboleths roughly paralleling those of the royalists—that is a different matter, it may grow to power.

But it is Daudet the literary man who writes this book. He was born into the most interesting literary circle of the

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French nineteenth century, and he absorbed the art of writing through the skin. He has known everybody—from Renan, looking like "an elephant who has lost his trunk," to Proust, "pale, with eyes like a deer, always nibbling or pulling one end of his drooping brown mustache, and wrapped up in woolens like a Chinese idol"; Theodore de Banville, "whose talk was as airy as an improvisation of Mercutio"; Whistler, looking like "an attractive Mephisto"; fat Zola, "reigning on his dung heap . . . lisping and wriggling his forked nose"; Oscar Wilde, Clemenceau, Sardou, Octave Mirbeau, George Meredith, Barrès, Anatole France, Loti, Jaurès, Maupassant—what a company! And how much more sharply Daudet etches his enemies than he does his friends!

WEBB WALDRON

Books in Brief

Henry Ford, America's Don Quixote. By Louis P. Lochner. With a preface by Maxim Gorki. New York: International Publishers. $3.

Louis Lochner, who was Henry Ford's secretary at the time the peace ship was sent to Europe, has set forth in this volume the facts of that adventure which reflected so favorably upon the heart of Mr. Ford and so unfavorably upon his brains. It was Mr. Lochner who suggested the peace ship. Mr. Ford was immediately taken with the idea and offered the vessel to President Wilson for the use of official delegates with a view to intercession in Europe through the neutral nations. Mr. Wilson declined; the next day Mr. Ford announced the peace ship to reporters in New York with the famous slogan: "We are going to get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas." He entered upon this venture without the slightest consideration of what was involved. He had thought of no details, no method of procedure, who was to go or when the ship was to leave; with the result that as remarkable a collection of cranks as surely ever voyaged the Seven Seas departed without any more knowledge of what they were to do than Mr. Ford had himself. This book shows how much the International Commission, subsequently established by Mr. Ford as a result of this expedition (which he deserted shamefully as soon as things got uncomfortable), actually accomplished. It makes it presumable that if the right forces had been behind this undertaking much might have been accomplished at that time in arousing public opinion in the neutral and other nations against the continuance of the useless and fruitless mass-murders which accomplished nothing beyond setting the world back. Mr. Gorki's preface is an eloquent appeal to the women of America and the world to put an end to war. As a whole the book was worth doing as a record of a war episode tragic in its futility.

Sixteenth-Century Books. A Bibliography of Literature describing books printed between 1501 and 1601. By James Bennett Childs. Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America. Vol. XVII, Past 2.

The bibliography of sixteenth-century literature has suffered under the spell of that of the fifteenth. The chief interest of the bibliographers of the first half-century after the invention of printing has been typographical. They have produced monographs on the productions of the printing presses of individual towns and on the work of individual printers. There are not a dozen works devoted to the productions of the printing presses of whole nations, though there are comprehensive records of all the known incunabula. The bulk of the material brought together by Mr. Childs consists of monographic studies of individual printers and works on the history of printing in cities and provinces. Mr. Childs has done a distinct service to students of the sixteenth century by collecting these four hundred and sixty-four titles; it is to be hoped that among other things his work will call attention to the need of a comprehensive bibliography of the literature of the sixteenth century.

Art

"Significant Form"

WHILE Mark Twain was editor of a certain Western paper he printed a news item describing with great seriousness and much scientific detail the discovery of a petrified man. He mentioned that the thumb of the man's right hand was against the nose, the fingers spread out, the thumb of the left hand hooked into the little finger of the right, and the fingers spread out likewise. Only, instead of saying it all at once like this, he sandwiched the bits of the description in among other details; and nobody saw the joke. The story was widely reprinted as scientific news and actually appeared in the London *Lancet*.

A similar and wonderfully baited trap seems to have been laid by the talented art critic, Mr. Clive Bell, for the innocent readers of his book on "Art." Mr. Bell there asks: "What quality is shared by all objects that provoke our aesthetic emotions?" He answers that in each such object "lines and colors combined in a particular way, certain forms and relations of forms" are what stir our aesthetic emotions; and he proposes to refer to these forms by the name Significant Form. But if we now inquire just what particular way of combination of lines and colors it is that the name designates, the only answer is, the particular way which moves us aesthetically! Significant Form, alas, thus turns out to be only the name of what Mr. Bell is looking for. He has named the baby before it is born. Perhaps a babyless name is a less awkward gift than a nameless baby.

The bait held out to us is cunningly tempting, for the word "form" really means something; namely, whatever is other than content—in visual art, one would suppose, whatever is other than color. But let us beware of the trap, for our author slyly tells us that "the distinction between form and color is an unreal one," because, forsooth, "you cannot conceive a colorless line, or a colorless space . . . a boundary line without any content, or a content without a boundary line." This is as much as to say that because one cannot conceive of an uncle without a niece or nephew, the distinction between uncle and nephew is an unreal one. On this ground Mr. Bell proposes to use form to mean both form and content—which is like saying that a Negro is a black man, and adding that black means white also. But the little joke on the reader, of course, demanded that the meaning of the word "form" be quietly done away with.

And with regard to the word "significant," our author is equally clever, for he tells us in effect that so long as we confine ourselves to aesthetics and leave out "metaphysics" the word "significant" is not, as we might have thought, descriptive. This means, of course, that it is a proper name only, a mere tag which can be pinned on to things but which tells us about them only the fact that we did pin it on. To avoid being misled by the appearance of meaning in the term, let us then replace "Significant Form" by an honest proper name. Shall we say "Abracadabra"? We can then better observe what the "aesthetic hypothesis," as Mr. Bell deliciously calls it, turns out to be when the veils wherewith his wit had clouded its glory are torn asunder. It is this: The quality common to such lines, colors, and combinations of lines and colors as move us aesthetically is that we shall henceforth call them all Abracadabra!

I submit that Mr. Bell is much too clever a critic to have done a thing like that unawares. Moreover, other evidences of the plot are not far to seek. Note, for instance, how neatly he clears beauty out of the way of Abracadabra. Mr. Bell's objection to the use of the word beauty is that everyone calls a butterfly or a flower beautiful, but that no one feels for them, or in general for natural beauty, the same kind of

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emotion that he feels for a cathedral or a picture. Therefore what calls forth the aesthetic emotion should not be designated beautiful.

But in addition to the beauty of the butterflies, the flowers, and the birds, Mr. Bell also mentions the beauty of woman as something that is not aesthetically moving. What is commonly meant, he believes, when a woman is called beautiful is sexually desirable. Mr. Bell does not say whether this definition of beauty is intended also to cover the case of the birds and the butterflies; but so far as people are concerned, who like most of us venture to call not only women but also some men beautiful, it is obvious that on such a definition of beauty they belong in Reading Gaol. However, salvation from the slough of impurity in which we thus find ourselves wallowing unawares would seem to lie in the possibility of making artists of ourselves, for Mr. Bell admits that artists at least are moved aesthetically by nature; that is, what in it arrests their gaze is not the foulness which beauty is but the pure sublimity of Abracadabra.

This discovery, however, brings us out of aesthetics, and into the realm of "metaphysics," where the word significant is given a meaning by our author. Form that moves us aesthetically is called significant, he tells us, "because it expresses the emotion of its creator." With Tolstoi—or is it Croce?—thus brought to the rescue, our hopes of solid nourishment suddenly rise. But, alas, we have here but the fragrant bit of intellectual cheese which is to entice the guileless bohemian mouse further into the cruel trap. For if the art which moves us does so because it conveys to us something that the artist felt, how is it that the same emotion can be provoked, at least in artists, by nature, which does not express but just *is?* But now Schopenhauer, in strict *incognito* it is true, is called in to help with the "dirty work." Natural objects, we are told, give rise to aesthetic emotion only when one ceases to attend to their associations, uses, origins. And when a natural object is being thus viewed as what Mr. Bell pleases to call an end-in-itself, what there is then left to provoke our emotion is, he tells us, something which philosophers used to call "the thing-in-itself" and now call "ultimate reality." A devilishly subtle transition, that: End-in-Itself, Thing-in-Itself, Ultimate Reality! One almost regrets that it should be but verbal. However, what comes next is the grand *pied-de-nez.* It is this: "Shall I be altogether fantastic in suggesting, what some of the profoundest thinkers have believed, that the significance of the thing-in-itself is the significance of reality?"

One might well ask how it is possible to speak of a thing as in-itself and yet make it function as significant of something? But Schopenhauer, instead of arguing the logic of that outrageous statement, would more likely have roared at seeing the words "significant forms" picked bodily out of his book, where he uses them honestly, and wantonly made a joke of under the shroud of a faked-up spook which, on some intellectually dark night, might be mistaken by unwary pedestrians for his own.

If we look at the whole matter by daylight, the fact is seen to be that the elementary lines, colors, sounds which art borrows from nature, together with such feeling-value as they there have, constitute the only alphabet wherewith the artist may spell out to others his own feelings. Just how the characters of that alphabet must be put together to do this well no one has yet said very exactly, Mr. Bell less than any one. And there is nothing to be gained by giving a resounding name to the problem and calling that the answer. This would be like sucking one's own thumb for nourishment. "Significant Form" is thus but a clever catchword for putting a real aesthetic problem quietly out of the way. And indeed, recalling the advice of Goethe's Mephistopheles to the student, one may well ask: Why think when a pompous word will serve so well?

C. J. Ducasse

Drama

Whips and Scorns

After two disastrous experiments with native but highly derivative essays in expressionism the directors of the Provincetown Theater have returned to an original source and are offering for the first time in America "The Dream Play" of Strindberg. Their production, highly intelligent, and, if judged by the rather lenient standards applicable to a purely experimental theater, well acted, will serve among other things to illustrate the difference between art and sham as exemplified in what, for want of a better name, we call expressionism. Strindberg, unlike Mr. Basshe who was responsible for "Adam Solitaire" and unlike Mr. Webster who concocted "The Man Who Never Died," was not compelled to labor his incoherence; whatever else may be said of his fantastic piece, it must be admitted that its chaos is at least unforced and real. Born of a tardily legitimatized union between a bankrupt shopkeeper and a bar maid, remembering fear and hunger as his earliest sensations, and torn throughout life by the conflict between the impulses of a perverse nature and the judgments of a moralizing mind, gloom was not to him a fashionable affectation nor formlessness a new form to be assiduously cultivated. Heredity had given him a hopelessly neurotic temperament, a lifetime of tortured maladjustment had convinced him that suffering was the lot of all mankind, and when, toward the end, he made "The Dream Play" a chaotic compendium of human ills he was writing from his deepest conviction. Perhaps his vision was awry and his reactions morbid; perhaps the confused but vivid scenes which he sketched were the product of a mind on the point of dissolution; but to him his vision was real and it bears the stamp of sincerity.

He had already, in a series of realistic plays, attempted to illustrate some of the major discords of life, but his perceptions had continually outrun his pen. Human misery seemed too vast ever to be thus described, and its forms too manifold ever to be set down one by one. The universe, as he contemplated it in himself, lost its pattern and its logic; it became for him a nightmare of suffering and injustice, and only as a nightmare could it be reproduced. Into one play, if it were to be other than ridiculously inadequate, must be crowded not one discord or one tragedy but that endless succession of tragedies which is the story of humanity and that cumulation of innumerable discords which is existence. The whole catalogue of miseries, from the pangs of despised love and the other ills which Hamlet enumerated on through the results of economic injustice and all the other sources of evil discovered by the sad experience of mankind since his time, must be recited; and life must be presented as the phantasmagoria of suffering which an epitome shows it to be.

Thus expressionism was born, not out of conscious experiment but out of a need for expression. Strindberg did not decide to represent life in a free form with the logical illogic of a dream; rather life suddenly came to be, for him, more like a nightmare than like anything else, and as such he set it down. The scene, like the scene of a dream, shifts without logical reason from vaguely localized place to place, and the characters bob up, often strangely transmogrified, in fantastic but curiously significant situations; but, again as in a dream, the material from which the fantasies are composed is the most poignant experience of the dreamer. Here, for example, is Strindberg himself suffering under the tyranny of an absurd schoolmaster and, though conscious that he has received his doctor's degree, strangely unable to get away; there is the ugly girl at a dance hiding her shame in a corner; and there in the midst of an idyllic scene are suddenly observed two grimy workmen who make possible the indulgences which they are forbidden to share. All changes and all passes, but in the

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nightmare which life has become for him no scene rises to his mind which has not at its core some misery or some injustice simplified and made typical. Strindberg is not exactly writing a dream play; he is rather engaged in the process of dreaming, for as a result of the gradual process by which his inward world became more vivid and real than the outward one his work began to follow the pattern of his fantasy instead of the pattern of objective existence. He had ceased to live and to record; he merely tossed in the nightmare which his life had generated. This is no place to discuss the causes of this process or to undertake any final evaluation of the work in question, but it ought at least to be plain why it is that "The Dream Play" has all the vivid fascination of a real dream, while some of the imitations which have been laboriously made of it have, on the contrary, all the irritating tediousness of the breakfast table liar who makes up tales out of Freud.

Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen" is in itself just sufficiently exaggerated and overdone to furnish admirable material for the libretto of "Hello Lola" (Eltinge Theater), a musical comedy which I found considerably more amusing than the average, chiefly on account of some first-rate burlesquing. "Sweetheart Time" (Imperial Theater) is another musical comedy, but one of more conventional pattern, and it is at least pleasing to the eye. "The House of Ussher" (Fifth Avenue Playhouse) is an uninspired but competent drama, which tells how the daughter of a wily Jewish financier undertook to outwit him in the cause of love; while as for "Move On" (Daly's Theater), the less said of it the better.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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International Relations Section

An International Fascist Plot

By EMERY DÉRI

ABOUT two months ago Benito Mussolini announced the foundation of a new Roman empire as the next step on the conquering road of Fascism. This speech, containing the threatening remark that "two million Italians are ready to march," produced marked nervousness in the countries of Central and Eastern Europe, which suspected some mysterious political scheme lurking behind Mussolini's rhetorical phrases. Not more than two months passed before sensational events in Rumania, Hungary, and Bavaria began to indicate the outlines of Signor Mussolini's gigantic scheme of a second Roman empire. The arrest of well-known Fascist leaders in Rumania, the measures taken by the Government, and the statements of such Nationalist leaders as Julius Maniu show that the sudden resignation of Crown Prince Carol was connected with a well-prepared Fascist plot, which the Bratianu Government was able to obstruct. At the same time the investigation of the counterfeiting conspiracy in Hungary brought to light the plans for an immediate Fascist revolution in that country. The German newspapers' exposure of the complicity of Bavarian Fascist leaders in the counterfeiting affair in Hungary throws light on the close connection between the Fascist revolutions planned in Hungary, Rumania, and Bavaria. The details of a sensational scheme are coming to light—a scheme of starting Fascist revolutions simultaneously in those three states, seizing the power by a coup de main, lifting Carol to the throne of Rumania, making Archduke Albrecht King of Hungary and Prince Rupprecht King of Bavaria, and creating a chain of new Fascist kingdoms from the Danube to the Black Sea, backed by the active support of Fascist Italy.

The history of the movement dates back to the early summer, when the Hungarian Archduke Albrecht visited the ex-Kaiser at Doorn. This young, blond, and rather insignificant Hapsburg harbored secret claims to the Hungarian throne, which, however, were not taken seriously in Hungary either by the Legitimists or by the so-called Free Electioners. Albrecht had no party in Hungary and no support abroad. His only strength was his mother, the Archduchess Isabella, an extremely clever old lady, who understood how to make friends and how to organize secret movements in the interest of her son. The visit to Doorn was made under the pretext that Albrecht, having been the guest of a Prince Salm in the Rhineland, wished to pay his respects to William II. A few days later several well-informed Bavarian newspapers reported a meeting between Archduke Albrecht and Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, who was in Mondsee at the time. Archduke Albrecht, on his way to Rome with his mother, stopped in Mondsee, where they were guests of Prince Rupprecht. In August they were in Rome. The pretext of this sojourn was to appear before the Pope. Italian newspapers, however, did not mention the young Hapsburg's audiences with the Holy Father, but, on the other hand, his frequent visits to the Quirinal stirred much comment. Mussolini's press mentioned with satisfaction that the young Archduke came to Rome to study Fascism. Rumors began to circulate in the Hungarian and Austrian press that Albrecht would marry a daughter of the King of Italy, the younger sister of Princess Mafalda.

Archduke Albrecht remained for several weeks in Rome, spending much time with Signor Mussolini. No one in Hungary suspected at this time that Albrecht would soon appear in Budapest as pretender to the throne of St. Stephen. A second visit of Albrecht to Mondsee and a second meeting with Rupprecht, however, drew public attention to his movements. A Vienna newspaper reported that an agreement between Albrecht and Rupprecht had been reached: both were to seize power and become kings, but Albrecht was not to aspire to the Austrian throne; it was agreed that a part of Austria should go to Bavaria. The report was ridiculed everywhere in Central Europe. But the earnest *Berliner Tageblatt* saw danger in the conspiratory spirit prevalent in Bavaria and remarked upon the apparent activity in reactionary circles. As to young Albrecht, he continued his journeying. He spent a few days unofficially in Bucharest. Fascist leaders, such as Professor Cuza, paid visits to him and, as was only natural, he also saw Crown Prince Carol. Strangely enough, the press of Central Europe paid no attention to this incognito visit. Not until months afterward, when the resignation of Prince Carol startled the world, did the Paris press suddenly remember that early in the fall Archduke Albrecht had seen Prince Carol in Bucharest, and link this mysterious visit with the resignation of the Rumanian Crown Prince.

These journeys of Archduke Albrecht, these secret or even open meetings were the first steps toward a Fascist organization throughout Central and Eastern Europe. Fascism was organized already under different names in all three countries. In Rumania they called themselves Nationalists; in Hungary, Awakening Magyars; in Bavaria, *Hakenkreuzler*. The only thing that remained to do was to merge the various groups into one powerful organization. The merger was effected on a cold business basis in a perfectly businesslike manner.

From October on things took a sudden and startling turn everywhere. Archduke Albrecht appeared in Budapest and started an open propaganda in the interest of his aspirations for the throne, avowing openly his Fascist sympathies. Suddenly this young Hapsburg, who had had no party and no backing, marshaled behind him all the reactionary organizations. Two newspapers supported him, he was elected president of the powerful League of Social Organizations, and Bishop Rassay greeted him after his election with the words: "Art thou he who was about to come? . . ." While before there were Awakening Magyars and Knights of the Double Cross in Hungary, all organizations now assumed the name "Fascists." The newspapers were full of stories about Albrecht. The Fascists openly claimed the support of Mussolini. Political murderers fled to Italy and there enjoyed the protection of the Fascios. One of them, a man named Kmetty, perpetrator of a bomb attempt, was bold enough to send a telegram to a Fascist paper in Budapest, saying that he was in safety and under the protection of the Milan Fascio. Colonel Buday, sent by the Albrechtists to Vienna to place propaganda in the Austrian press, made this statement in the *Abend* printed on November 28:

> In a short time Albrecht will be King of Hungary. Fascism is spreading rapidly. Archduke Albrecht, when he was in Rome, came to a complete agreement with Mussolini, who is supporting him. It is agreed that the Archduke will marry the younger sister of Princess Mafalda, so strengthening the future alliance with Italy.

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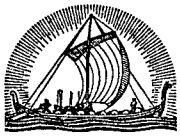

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The liberal newspapers in Hungary were furious about this open declaration of a militant Fascism and demanded an explanation from the Archduke. But Albrecht remained silent. He allows his supporters to speak. And they did speak, in fact. Tibor Eckhardt, a Fascist leader, delivered a speech in Parliament, saying: "Yes, we declare openly that we want a Fascist dictatorship, that we admire Mussolini, and we are certain of his support when the hour of action strikes." At the same time, for some mysterious reason, in spite of the violent opposition of the left parties, the Hungarian Government decorated Mussolini with the highest Hungarian order.

Then suddenly strange news came from Rumania. Professor Cuza, on his way to Italy, stopped in Budapest and the Hungarian Fascists gave a banquet in his honor. It seemed almost incomprehensible. The Hungarian Fascists, notorious haters of Rumania, who had preached the necessity of a war against that country, had shouted for "revanche" and killed hundreds of people charged with being Rumanian army spies—these same men suddenly declared that an amicable understanding was necessary with the Rumanian Nationalists, their most bitter enemies. It is, indeed, a strange sight to see the opponents of yesterday embracing each other in the names of Fascism and Mussolini.

As if taking new strength from the march of events in Hungary and Rumania, Fascism in Bavaria was making bold preparations to seize the power by a coup de main. The *Frankfurter Zeitung*, one of the leading papers not only in Germany but in Europe, printed in its issue of November 19 a sensational article exposing the imminent danger of a Fascist plot. The paper told how Count Salden and Count Moehl, intimates of Prince Rupprecht, visited high official personages in Munich, known to be Fascist sympathizers, asking them what they would do in case Prince Rupprecht, impelled by extremely important motives and encouragement from abroad, felt compelled to seize the power by a coup de main? The next day the Munich *Post* published new exposures, reporting a meeting of the "Organization Pach" at which the Fascists decided to take action. Generals Muehl and Von Epp were present and declared that Prince Rupprecht was ready. Deputy Dittmann described his secret journey to Italy, saying that the Fascist revolution would be supported by Mussolini and no complications were to be feared; that Prince Rupprecht had an agreement with Archduke Albrecht, who was also about to seize the power. The exposures made a sensation in Germany. The newspapers demanded an investigation. The Fascist press in Bavaria was embarrassed and promised a disavowal from Prince Rupprecht, but Rupprecht declined to make any statements. An investigation was started, but it disclosed only well-known facts, namely, that the Fascist organizations in Bavaria were plotting against the republic and that conspirators and murderers were hard to seize because they were taken in with open arms in Hungary or in Italy. This was the situation in December.

In Hungary Fascist leaders prophesied that the question of the throne would be solved in January. The well-informed Count Apponyi warned Hungary against "a monarchy of adventurers." In Rumania the Cabinet Council decided, on the advice of General Trajan Mosoiu, to refuse a visa for the Fascist leaders in Hungary who wanted to hold a joint meeting with the Rumanian Nationalists in Nagyvárad. Mysterious hints at relations between Archduke Albrecht and Prince Carol began to appear in the press.

This was the state of affairs in Central Europe when Crown Prince Carol's startling abdication became known. The Rumanian Government instituted a severe censorship, but the significant news leaked out and Rumanian newspapers reached the capitals of foreign countries. Simultaneously with the resignation of Carol, Professor Cuza, Rumanian Fascist leader, was arrested, the Government giving no reason for his arrest. Arrests of other Fascist leaders followed. At a meeting of the Crown Council Julius Maniu, leader of the Nationalists (Fascists), demanded that Prince Carol be solemnly asked to revoke his resignation. Nicholas Jorga and Alexander Voivoda-Vajda implored the King to ask the Crown Prince not to provoke a grave crisis and to revoke his abdication, but the King interrupted the speakers and said: "No! It is resolved. Nothing can be done." These details were published by Rumanian newspapers and the censorship was subsequently imposed.

The Fascist plot in Rumania was nipped in the bud. The exposure of the counterfeiting plot was a death blow to the Putsch-preparations of the Hungarian Fascists. The Bavarian movement, of course, is not yet dead, but alone it will not amount to anything. The plotters of this international Fascist uprising have fled. Where to? To Italy, of course. Carol is in Milan. Count Csáky, former Hungarian Minister of War, has gone to Italy. Emery von Nádossy, chief of the Budapest police, was on his way to Milan when he was arrested. French detectives, searching for the counterfeit plotters, went to Milan. Italy is reported to be full of German, Hungarian, and Rumanian Fascist leaders who are wanted by the police. Perhaps they have regular meetings to discuss further possibilities for the formation of the new Roman empire by way of putsches, conspiracies, murders, revolutions, and wars. For the time being their plans have been thwarted. But Fascism has shown that it is not merely a political creed but an international danger, and while Mussolini is in power in Italy peace cannot succeed the era of hatred and wars in Europe.

Contributors to This Issue

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